

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

SHE dwelt, I know not where, nor read
If lay her limbs on downy bed,
Nor if on dainties rare she fed,
Or frugal diet.

To but a few her worth was known;
She ever lived among her own,
And dreaded not to be alone;
Her name was "Quiet."

Poets her praise have sung — a face
"Simpatica," where never trace
Of Cynic's art could find a place,
But love lay beaming;
Upon her lips, and in her eyes,
A thousand kindly sympathies
Told with what measureless supplies
Her heart was teeming.

Her dress you would not care to see;
Nor nun or courtly dame was she —
She shrank from singularity;
Yet flowers vernal
Less daintily their hues combined.
Her dress but imaged forth her mind —
Such order reigned, such taste refined,
And grace supernal.

Her talk now sober was, now gay,
But little did she find to say
Upon her neighbours' faults. The way
To life immortal,
She oft surmised, was rough to all;
And some must slip, and some would fall;
More cause for Mercy oft to call
At Heaven's high portal!

Her manners I could scarce define:
No studied grace had she; to shine
Among her peers was ne'er her line,
On pure thoughts feeding;
And yet a subtle power had she,
Which few could e'er withstand — the free,
Strong bond of Christian courtesy,
And highest breeding.

To her all living things were dear:
The leveret at her call drew near;
The squirrel half forgot its fear,
'Neath her caressing;
And sweet birds carolled out their lay,
And lambskins round her feet would play,
Submissive to her gentle sway,
And timely blessing.

She read and thought — and yet no rage
Had she for controversial page;
The hollow clamour of the age
She joined not in it.
Some scorned — and she would pity these;
Some doubted with defiant ease;
She sought the truth upon her knees,
Nor failed to win it!

And think not that she failed to find
Some pastimes suited to her mind:
Well could she mingle with her kind
For genial pleasure;
Her voice rose clear in round or glee;
In dance the sprightliest aye was she;
With courser fleet, o'er moorland free
She roamed at leisure.

She had her love-tale, it was said;
But her calm reticence forbade
To probe her woman's heart, and staid
Rude eyes from prying.
All wifely instincts she might own,
Though Love were fettered on its throne,
And Honour ceased, when Worth had flown,
And Faith lay dying.

A true, yet artless woman she;
Her mirth ne'er sank to levity —
Hers was the grace which chivalry
Could feel and honour.
Her eye sought not the tale of shame;
Her girlhood's blush unbidden came,
Should flippant tongues their light jests frame
And thrust upon her.

In those old days, Eve's daughters fair
Moved with a calm unruffled air;
They met old age without despair,
Or touch of rancour.
'Tis said a wider sphere they need
To-day — and toil for other meed
Than love, nor care to slacken speed
Ere casting anchor!

If this be so, then, as is meet,
We sip the bitter with the sweet;
The face of *Change* we bow to greet,
As Wisdom's fiat.
Yet tender thoughts of thee we have,
And humbly here permission crave
To lay a wreath upon thy grave.
Dear Lady "Quiet."

Chambers' Journal.

SONNET.

My fears were more than the reality —
The silence, sealed lip, the sunken eye,
The hueless frozen cheek, the forehead cold;
These were what I had dreaded to behold:
But when the shroud was lifted in mute awe
I saw not these, ah yet the dead I saw;
But the still aspect where no trace of care
Now lingered, all so shadowless and fair,
And the deep silence, and the dreamless ease,
The quiet of an unimagined peace,
The holy calm, without or pulse or breath,
Revealed the presence of benignant Death —
God's great white angel of the tranquil mien
THAT brooded there with shadowy wing serene.
Spectator.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE HERSCHELS AND THE STAR-DEPTHS.

THE astronomer whose loss science is lamenting as we write, brought to a close, thirty-five years ago, the most wonderful series of researches yet recorded in the history of astronomy. For more than half a century those researches had been in progress, and during all that time the astronomer engaged upon the work had been recognized as the first astronomer of his time. From 1780 to 1822 Sir W. Herschel was engaged in surveying the star-depths; after 1822 the researches were carried on by Sir John Herschel, second to no astronomer of our day, nor to any observational astronomer the world has yet produced save his father alone.

It is well that the real nature of the work accomplished by the Herschels should be recognized, for otherwise just honour will not be done to their memory. It is amazing, indeed, that it should now be necessary to correct mistaken impressions on the subject: yet there can be no question that few know rightly what are the real claims of the Herschels to the admiration of the world and to the gratitude of astronomers. It was but necessary to peruse the obituary notices which appeared during the week following May 11th last, to find how little the work of the Herschels has been appreciated. In those notices we commonly saw the labours of the elder Herschel associated — as was fit — with the work of the son, and yet the real end and aim of those labours and of Sir John Herschel's, altogether missed by the biographer.

The real work of the Herschels — that end to which all their labours were directed — was the survey of those regions of space which lie beyond the range of the unaided vision. Other work they did which well deserves attention. The elder Herschel, in particular, has left papers describing observations of the planets, careful studies of the sun's surface, and researches into a variety of other subjects of interest. But all the work thus recorded, was regarded by him rather as affording practice whereby he might acquire a mastery over his instruments,

than as work to which he cared to devote his whole powers. Even the discovery of a planet travelling outside the path of Saturn, although this discovery is commonly regarded as the most noteworthy achievement of Herschel's life, was in reality but an almost accidental result of his real work among the star-depths. It was, in truth, such an accident as he may be said to have rendered a certainty. No man can apply the powers of telescopes larger than any before constructed, to scrutinize, as he did, every portion of the celestial depths, without being rewarded before long by some such discovery: and it was well, in many respects, that Sir W. Herschel was thus rewarded, because the recognition which his labours thenceforth received, undoubtedly facilitated the prosecution of his researches. But those labours had another and a nobler end than the mere discovery of unknown planets. He never prosecuted them for a single hour without discovering multitudes of unknown orbs far mightier than the massive bulk of Uranus. These discoveries passed unrecorded, save numerically, so many were they; but they tended to the solution of the noblest problem which men have yet attempted to master. That the true end of Sir W. Herschel's labours was the mastery of this problem, must be obvious to any one who will be at the pains to examine those volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* in which his researches are recorded; but he has also plainly told us his purpose in continually applying more and more powerful telescopes to the survey of the celestial depths. "A knowledge of the construction of the heavens," he wrote in 1811, "has always been the ultimate object of my observations."

We do not purpose here to enter into the details of the various processes of inquiry in which the active mind of Sir W. Herschel led him to engage while he was attempting to solve the secret of the star-depths. We wish rather to present results than to consider methods.

Yet the first of Herschel's researches was so full of interest, and led to a result so strange, that it will be well briefly to consider its purport.

When Herschel began his labours he hoped not merely to determine the general arrangement of the stars throughout the spaces around us, but also to ascertain the real architecture (if one may so speak) of the stellar system. To this end it was necessary that the distances of the stars should be ascertained; and, accordingly, one of the first subjects to which Herschel applied his powers was the amazingly difficult one of measuring the stars' distances. A method of extreme ingenuity, but also (as was commonly the case with Herschel's devices) of extreme simplicity, suggested itself to his mind. Of course the only real means of determining any star's distance must depend upon the effects of the earth's motion around the sun. If the earth were at rest we should see the star always in a certain direction, but how far off it lay in that direction we could never know. It is because the earth takes up different positions, so that we see a star at different times in different directions, that we have a means of estimating the star's distance. But the earth's path, despite the 180,000,000 of miles of its diameter, is so minute compared with the spaces which separate our sun from the nearest stars, that astronomers had despaired in Herschel's time of measuring the change of seeming direction due to the earth's motion. An observer might at one time notice that his telescope had to be pointed in a certain direction to bear on a particular star, while six months later (when the earth would be 180,000,000 of miles from the spot she had occupied before) the observer might try to note whether his telescope required to be pointed in some slightly different direction to bear on the star. But in the meantime the stand of the telescope might have been slightly moved, as by the sinking of a pier, or even by changes due to greater warmth or cold. The air might not act precisely in the same way on the rays from the star. The observer's own powers might have varied, or rather, these and other like changes must inevitably take place to some extent, however slight; and it had begun to be known in Sir W. Herschel's time that the slightest possible error of the kind would suffice to render

any attempts at measurement ineffective.

Herschel at once suggested a means of overcoming all these difficulties. What we want, he reasoned, is to tell towards what point of the heavens a star seems to lie, at different seasons, and the nearer the star the more it will seem to shift. A star so far off as not to be visible without a powerful telescope will not seem to shift at all; for it must probably be twenty or thirty times farther away than the bright stars, and we know that even these shift so slightly that we cannot be sure they shift at all. What is to prevent us, then, from regarding one of these faint and therefore very distant stars as a sort of index point from which to measure the minute excursions of some bright star close by it on the heavens? If we do this, it will not matter whether our observatory or our telescope has slightly shifted, whether the air acts more or less strongly in bending the rays of light from the star, and so on. For now, we are no longer concerned in trying to find the absolute place of the star upon the heavens, but in noting how it seems to be placed with regard to a neighbouring star, an inquiry which can be in no way affected by these difficulties.

Now Herschel had repeatedly noticed faint stars very close by bright ones. There were some instances in which the faint star was so minute and so close by the larger one, that it required one of his most powerful telescopes to see the small star at all as an object distinct from the larger one. Cases such as this obviously promised to afford very satisfactory information about star distances. The very faint orb must lie at an enormous distance beyond the bright one — so, at least, Herschel believed, — while a fortunate chance seemed to have placed the two orbs so nearly in the same direction that the least displacement of the brighter orb, on account of the earth's motion, must necessarily be made apparent.

But the careful study of many such cases brought only disappointment, so far as Herschel's main object was concerned. There was absolutely no trace, in any instance examined by him, of that seeming

vibratory motion of the brighter orb, year after year, which Herschel had hoped to recognize. The conviction grew gradually upon him that there had been a flaw in his reasoning. And inquiring where that flaw could be, he presently saw that his assumption of the relatively enormous distance of the faint star must be ill-founded. Then he went farther, beginning to believe that the fainter and the brighter star lay at the same distance,—in other words, that they formed a physically associated pair. This view—since firmly established by his own labours and his son's—changed altogether the meaning of the lessons taught by the stars. For hitherto men had believed that the stars are distributed through space in such sort as to be independent of each other. A few thoughtful men—as Wright, Kant, Lambert, and Mitchell,—had ventured to express doubts as to the justice of this view; and Mitchell, indeed, had by the mere force of abstract reasoning, anticipated the very conclusion to which observation had now led Sir W. Herschel. But it is in the nature of men, of scientific men as well as others, to turn an almost deaf ear to abstract reasoning, however sound, and to note only what is established by observation; so that, as we have said, the general belief among astronomers had been that the stars are distributed throughout space, not in systems, but singly.

In the meantime Sir W. Herschel had turned his attention to the general architecture of the heavens. He had sought in particular to determine the figure of that vast scheme of orbs of which our sun is a member. The method he employed for this purpose was simple in the extreme.

Let it be supposed that the system of stars has definite limits, and that within those limits stars, resembling our sun, are distributed with a certain general uniformity. Then it is quite obvious that, if we look towards those parts of the star-system where the limits are farthest away, we shall see the greatest number of stars, supposing always that our vision reaches to the limits of the system in such directions. So that if we have but a sufficiently powerful telescope to pierce to the very boundary of the star-system, and if we always

use the same telescope so as to make sure that we are always dealing with the same range of the heavens, all we need do in order to determine the shape of the star-system is to count the number of stars seen in different directions. Where there are few stars the boundary of the star-system must be relatively near; where many stars are seen the boundary must be far away.

Perhaps not a single reader of these pages needs to be told that it was by applying this method—which he called star-gauging—that Sir W. Herschel was led to the belief that the system of stars is shaped like a cloven flat disc. And we suppose every reader is familiar also with the picture which is introduced into all our books of astronomy to illustrate this theory of the star-system. We have before us, as we write, Sir W. Herschel's own drawing, in the volume of the *Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1785*, and, after a careful perusal of the accompanying paper, we cannot wonder that a theory so noble in itself, and presented with the simple grandeur of diction which distinguishes Sir W. Herschel's astronomical speculations, should have engaged the earnest attention of astronomers, and should again and again have been referred to or quoted in astronomical treatises. Nor can we greatly wonder that Sir W. Herschel's own confidence should have been shared by those who have presented his theory. "I have now viewed and gauged the Milky Way," he says, "in almost every direction, and find it composed of stars whose number, by the account of these gauges, constantly increases and decreases in proportion to its apparent brightness to the naked eye. That this shining zone is a most extensive stratum of stars of various sizes admits no longer of the least doubt, and that our sun is actually one of the heavenly bodies belonging to it is as evident."

When to this we add that Sir John Herschel, gauging the depths of the southern heavens, was led to precisely the same conclusions as to the general structure of the Milky Way, it seems impossible not to regard the theory so often presented in our books as involving the definite conclusions of the Herschels respecting the scheme of

the fixed stars. Nor is it necessary to add that conclusions thus accepted by the greatest authorities in stellar astronomy that have ever lived, must be such as few students of astronomy would care to call in question.

It will therefore surprise many* to be told that, as a matter of fact, seven years had not passed after the elder Herschel had enunciated that theory which has been so often presented in astronomical treatises, and which his own son seems always to have regarded as established, before Sir W. Herschel abandoned the theory as untenable. In the picture and paper of 1785 we find our sun one of innumerable stars, not all equal, indeed, nor spread with mathematical uniformity, but still all comparable with each other in magnitude and distributed with a general approach to uniformity. In 1802 we find Sir W. Herschel regarding our sun as one of a set of stars which he called insulated stars, and the Milky Way as composed of stars wholly different in their nature and arrangement. We quote his own words lest the reader should be disposed to doubt the very possibility that in so many treatises a theory should have been assigned to Sir W. Herschel which he had himself rejected. After saying that our sun, magnificent as its system is, must yet be regarded as only a single individual of the species he denotes by the term insulated star, he presently proceeds:—"To this may be added that the stars we consider as insulated are also surrounded by a magnificent collection of innumerable stars called the Milky Way. For though our sun, and all the stars we see, may truly be said to be in the plane of the Milky Way, yet I am now convinced by a long inspection and continued examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us." And a few pages further on the very principle of the method of star-gauging, and the conclusions as to the shape of the Milky Way, are thus unmistakably called in question. "In my sweeps of the heavens," says Herschel, "it has been fully ascertained that the brightness of the Milky Way arises only from stars; and that their compression increases in proportion to the brightness of the Milky Way. We may, indeed, partly ascribe the increase both of brightness and of apparent compression, to a greater depth of the space which contains these stars; but this will equally tend to show their clustering condition; for, since the increase of brightness is gradual, the

space containing the clustering stars must tend to a spherical form, if the gradual increase of brightness is to be explained by the situation of the stars."

But we cannot rightly understand either the theory which Sir W. Herschel thus abandoned,* or that by which it was replaced, without considering his researches into objects quite different from the fixed stars.

In ancient times astronomers had noticed five spots on the heavens where a cloudy sort of light could be recognized. These spots they had called "cloudy stars." But not very long after the invention of the telescope several more of these star-cloudlets began to be recognized. Lacaille discovered forty-five in the southern heavens, and Messier, the comet-seeker, made a list of no less than 103. The star-cloudlets or nebulae, known when Sir W. Herschel began his researches, amounted to less than 150. In the year 1786 that astronomer began his contribution to the list of known nebulae by sending a catalogue of no less than 1,000 of these objects to the Royal Society. Three years later he sent in a list of yet another thousand nebulae; and in 1802 (when he was sixty-four years old) another list containing 500 of these objects. In other words, during sixteen years this indefatigable observer noted the places of more than sixteen times as many of these celestial cloudlets as all preceding observers have been able to record. Sir John Herschel, having proposed to himself the task of completing at a southern station the survey of the heavens which his father had commenced, thought it necessary to prepare himself for the work by re-surveying the northern heavens. While thus engaged he discovered 500 nebulae which had escaped his father's notice. Then proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope, he examined those parts of the heavens which had been invisible from his father's northerly observatory, and in 1847 communicated a list of 1708 star-clouds discovered during the

* The eminent German astronomer, Struve, thus writes respecting Herschel's change of view:—"Remarquons d'abord que, des 1802, il n'est plus question de la figure de la Voie Lactée dans les recherches de Herschel. Elle n'est plus une strate limitée, car elle est insondable, et il devient impossible d'en embrasser la totalité." And again, "Nous parvenons donc au résultat, peut-être inattendu, mais incontestable, que le système de Herschel, énoncé en 1785, sur l'arrangement de la Voie Lactée, s'écroule de toutes parts, d'après les recherches ultérieures de l'auteur; et que Herschel lui-même l'a entièrement abandonné." Yet an assertion to this effect, made by the present writer in the presence of the Royal Astronomical Society, two years since, was received with obvious signs of incredulity.

progress of this survey. In all, Sir John Herschel discovered no less than 2,208 nebulae, his father having discovered 2,500. As the whole number of known nebulae in our day amounts to but 5,200, it will be seen that more than nine out of every ten known nebulae were discovered by the Herschels.

And here let us pause for a moment to endeavour to realize the fact that more than five thousand of these clouds exist within the range of telescopic vision. The number of stars visible to the unaided eye in the whole heavens is about five thousand—that is, on a dark and clear night average eyesight can recognize about 2,500 stars of different orders of brightness. Now suppose that all the stars were suddenly destroyed, the nebulae alone being left, and that at the same time our power of vision were suddenly increased to such an extent that we could see all objects visible in the telescopes with which the Herschels surveyed the heavens. Then we should see about as many faint cloud-like specks of light as would correspond to the number of stars we now see. And if, further, the defining powers of the Herschelian telescope could be given to us, we should recognize in these cloud-like specks all the various orders into which the Herschels divided the nebulae. Here we should see straggling clusters very little condensed in their central portions, there globular clusters so rich in stars as to shine with unspeakable glory—inasmuch that it has been well remarked of some of them that no one who beholds them for the first time in a telescope of adequate power can refrain from a shout of rapture. In some regions the oval nebulae, close set with stars or wholly irresolvable, would be seen, in others spiral and ring nebulae, the strange forms of the “dumb bell nebula,” the “crab nebula,” the “key,” the “flight of wild ducks,” nebulous stars, and the planetary nebulae, shown under the power of the great Rosse telescope as among the most fantastic of the celestial cloudlets. While lastly, long irregular streamers and wisps of cloudy light, seemingly shapeless and unintelligible, would be seen in those regions of the heavens where now are seen the constellations Orion and Argo, the Swan and the Archer.

It was these wonderful objects which led Sir W. Herschel to propound the noblest theory of the universe which the world had yet known, or rather (for Lambert and Kant had, in some respects, anticipated Herschel's theoretical considerations), the noblest theory which men

had yet attempted to place on an observational basis. He recognized in many of these seeming cloudlets galaxies like our own, like that wonderful scheme of stars, the glories of which he had himself laboured to make known to us. In fact, he called certain of these objects Milky Ways, remarking that many of them “cannot well be less, and are probably much larger, than our own star-system; and being also extended, the inhabitants of the planets which attend the stars which compose them must likewise perceive the same phenomena [that we do]. For which reason these nebulae may be called Milky Ways by way of distinction.”

This conception of more star-systems than the one of which our sun is a member is unspeakably impressive. We are altogether unable, indeed, to form any adequate idea of the relations which we express easily enough in words. There are many ways of presenting the considerations dealt with by Sir W. Herschel, and yet every one of these methods must be regarded as in many respects unsatisfactory. We may consider, on the one hand, the seeming minuteness of the distance separating the stars of a nebula from each other, and then endeavour to realize the fact that that distance, only just rendered appreciable by the magnifying power of the largest telescopes man can construct, is assuredly not less but probably exceeds many hundredfold the distance separating our sun from the neighbouring suns—this last distance being so enormous that it has been calculated that the swiftly-travelling comets which visit us from the interstellar spaces cannot have occupied less than ten millions of years in traversing it. Or, again, we may endeavour to picture to ourselves the vastness of the distances which must separate us from these out-lying Milky Ways, when millions of such orbs as our own sun, though all shining at the same time within the field of view of a powerful telescope, yet present only the appearance of a faint milky light which the thinnest haze can blot from our view. Or, lastly—and this, perhaps, affords the most striking means of indicating the grandeur of Herschel's conceptions—we may endeavour to picture the fact that this earth on which we live, and those companion orbs whereof many so largely exceed our earth in mass and volume—the solar system, in fine, which has so often been presented to our contemplation as in itself a sort of universe—would seem a mere point if viewed from the nearest fixed star, and yet that each point

of the millions which make up the milky light of a nebula must be regarded (if these conceptions of Sir W. Herschel be just) as the centre of a scheme as vast as the solar system, and possibly far vaster.

Another conception, even more overwhelming, is that of the distances separating these Milky Ways from each other. For vast as are the dimensions of the several Milky Ways, including our own, the distances separating one from another are far vaster — belong, indeed, to a higher order of vastness altogether.

And here the question will suggest itself, What position (according to these views) does our own Milky Way bear among the others? We have already quoted Herschel's opinion as to the dimensions of our galaxy, which he supposed to be far surpassed by those of many other galaxies. But he also came to an opinion as to the relative *age* of our Milky Way, which cannot fail to strike the reader as singularly indicative of the daring originality of his mind. "If it were possible," he says, "to distinguish between the parts of an indefinitely extended whole, the nebula we inhabit might be said to be one which has fewer marks of profound antiquity than the rest. To explain this idea perhaps more clearly, we should recollect that the condensation of clusters of stars has been ascribed to a gradual approach; and whoever reflects on the numbers of ages that must have passed before some of the clusters could be so far condensed as we find them at present, will not wonder if I ascribe a certain air of youth and vigour to many regions of our sidereal stratum."

Sir John Herschel has also exhibited the relations of this theory of external Milky Ways, in passages of a striking nature. In one respect, indeed, he has passed even beyond the limits ranged over by his father's daring ideas, inasmuch that while Sir W. Herschel spoke only of systems of Milky Ways, his son has urged the idea of systems of such systems, and has even suggested the possibility that some of the celestial cloudlets may belong to this higher order. "To us," he says "the material universe must be regarded as practically infinite, seeing that we can perceive no reason which can place any bounds to the further extension of that principle of systematic subordination which has already been traced to a certain extent. . . . It by no means follows that all those objects which stand classed under the general designation of "nebulae" or "clusters of stars," and of which the number already

known amounts to upwards of five thousand, are objects of the same order. Among those dim and mysterious existences, which only a practised eye, aided by a powerful telescope, can pronounce to be something different from minute stars, may, for anything we can prove to the contrary, be included *systems of a higher order* than that which comprehends all our nebulae (properly such), reduced by immensity of distance to the very last limit of visibility."

But we must distinguish between that which is possible or even probable, and that which the astronomer has been able to demonstrate. If we examine the progress of Sir W. Herschel's researches into the nebulae, we find that side by side with that gradual but, in the end, complete change which we have already noted in his views respecting our own Milky Way, there was an equally gradual, and in the end, an equally complete change in his ideas respecting the greater number of the celestial cloudlets. Nor will it be difficult to recognize the way in which each change bore upon the other. Nay, it could readily be shown, if this were the place for a close analysis of Herschel's ideas, that the changes in his views (1) as to the nature of double stars; (2) as to the constitution of our star-system; and (3) as to the nature of the nebulae, — were all part and parcel (perhaps unconsciously to himself) of a modification of the principle itself according to which he interpreted his observations.

It may be well, as we have already quoted what he wrote in 1802, when his ideas respecting the Milky Way underwent their most marked modification, to quote the remarks with which, in 1811, he introduced his modified views respecting the general constitution of the heavens. "I find," he says, "that by arranging the nebulae in a certain successive regular order, they may be viewed in a new light, and, if I am not mistaken, an examination of them will lead to consequences which cannot be indifferent to an inquiring mind. If it should be remarked that in this new arrangement I am not entirely consistent with what I have already in former papers said on the nature of some objects that have come under my observation, I must freely confess that by continuing my sweeps of the heavens, my opinion of the arrangement of the stars and their magnitudes, and of some other particulars, has undergone a gradual change; and, indeed, when the novelty of the subject is considered, we cannot be surprised that many

things, formerly taken for granted, should on examination prove to be different from what they were generally but incautiously supposed to be. For instance, an equal scattering of the stars may be admitted in certain calculations; but when we examine the Milky Way, or the closely-compressed clusters of stars, this supposed equality of scattering must be given up. We may also have surmised nebulae to be no other than clusters of stars disguised by their very great distance, but a longer experience and better acquaintance with the nature of nebulae will not allow a general admission of such a principle, although undoubtedly a cluster of stars *may* assume a nebulous appearance when it is too remote for us to discern the stars of which it is composed."

The new views respecting the constitution of the heavens, introduced in this paper, related chiefly to those nebulae which, though otherwise conspicuous, yet when examined even under the highest powers of Sir W. Herschel's largest telescope, presented a milky appearance. He now for the first time expressed the opinion that such nebulae did not consist of multitudes of stars, but of some self-luminous substance of exceeding tenuity. He recognized the existence of this luminous vapour amidst large tracts of the heavens; and he regarded it as certainly lying within the limits of our galaxy, and forming, therefore, part and parcel of its constitution. Nay, more; he stated his belief, and brought strong evidence to show, that this vaporous matter was the substance out of which the stars have been made. He pointed to different milky nebulae which seemed to belong to different stages of growth, from an exceedingly faint and altogether irregular nebulousity, to rounded nebulae, nebulae with faint centres, nebulae with bright centres, nebulae consisting almost wholly of a bright central light (the outer portion being scarcely discernible), and, finally, nebulous stars—this being the last recognizable stage in the progress to actual stars or suns.*

There is something singularly impressive in the ideas suggested by this theory, whether as respects extension in space or duration of time. Of course, in one respect, this new view of certain orders of nebulae implied an enormous diminution

of the estimated dimensions of these objects. Taking, for instance, the wonderful mass of nebulous light which seems to cling around the sword of the giant Orion, it will be obvious that if this object were supposed to lie far beyond the limits of our star-system, and to consist of countless millions of suns so far off as not to be separately discernible, the nebula would be an altogether more wonderful object than it becomes on the supposition that it lies within our galaxy, or even *nearer* (as Sir W. Herschel believed) than the stars seemingly immersed in it. In reducing the distance of this object many hundreds of times, Herschel was reducing its vastness many millions of times. But then it is to be noted that in simply ceasing to view this particular nebula as a vast external system of suns, Herschel was by no means seeking to show that no such systems of suns exist outside our galaxy. On the contrary, all the arguments from analogy, on which he had founded his belief in external star-systems, remained unimpaired, as also did much of the observational evidence. And *now* Herschel was showing our galaxy as a much more wonderful scheme than it had hitherto been supposed to be. For, according to these new views, vast as has been the time during which our galaxy has been in existence, it has not yet completely formed itself into stars. Over vast regions belonging to it, enormous masses of nebulous matter are gradually condensing into stars,—single, double, or multiple. The imagination is wholly unable either to conceive the duration of the time-intervals which have been and will be occupied by these wonderful processes, or to picture the stupendous nature of those laboratories of our galaxy, in which its suns have had their genesis.

Nothing is more remarkable, perhaps, in the history of scientific theories than the circumstance that while Sir W. Herschel's theory of self-luminous vapour existing within the limits of the galaxy is very commonly spoken of, the actual fact that he thus anticipated one of the most remarkable discoveries of recent times, seems almost wholly overlooked. Again and again, in books of astronomy and in scientific papers, Dr. Huggins's great discovery that many of the nebulae are vast agglomerations of glowing gas, is spoken of as strikingly opposed to the views of Sir W. Herschel. The circumstance is, indeed, of a piece with the fact to which we have already referred—that ideas respecting the Milky Way, which Herschel was the first to reject, are still presented as confidently

* We purposely omit here any reference to Sir William Herschel's explanation of the so-called planetary nebulae; because neither the explanation itself nor the objections to it would well admit of popular exposition, at least within the space here at our disposal.

as though they were the fruits of his matured experience.*

What was really overthrown by Dr. Huggins's discovery, was the opinion, which had been gradually gaining ground, that Sir W. Herschel had been mistaken. For instance, Professor Grant, in one of the finest works on astronomy which the last quarter of a century has produced, wrote thus: "Notwithstanding the ingenuity of illustration and the incontestable force of reasoning by which Sir W. Herschel sought to establish his bold hypothesis, it has not received that confirmation from the labours of subsequent inquirers which is so remarkable in the case of many of the other speculations of that great astronomer. In fact, the greater the optical power of the telescope with which the heavens are surveyed, the more strongly do the results tend to produce the impression that all nebulae are in reality vast aggregations of stars, which assume a nebulous aspect only because the telescope with which they are observed in each instance is not sufficiently powerful to resolve them into stars. Sir John Herschel himself, notwithstanding that tendency to reverence his father's dicta which has seemed so reprehensible to one biographer, was disposed to entertain the same opinion; for he says, 'it may very reasonably be doubted whether there is any essential physical distinction between clusters of stars and those nebulae which his father regarded as composed of a shining nebulous fluid, and whether such distinction as there is 'be anything else than one of degree, arising merely from the excessive minuteness and multitude of the stars, of which the latter, as compared with the former, consist.'"[†]

But during Sir John Herschel's researches in the southern heavens, evidence of a very significant nature was obtained concerning this very question. We do not hesitate, indeed, to say that the facts now about to be described throw more light on the question of external Milky

Ways than any which astronomical observation has yet revealed.

In the southern skies there are two strange patches of milky light which have long been known by sailors as the Magellanic Clouds, because Magellan was the first voyager who recorded their existence. Astronomers, however, usually call these objects the *Nubeculae*. Both are nearly round, and their light, when they are viewed with the unaided eye, corresponds exactly with that of the Milky Way in regions of medium brightness.

We owe to Sir John Herschel the first systematic survey of these interesting objects. The result is full of interest. In one respect telescopic scrutiny shows that the Magellanic Clouds resemble the Milky Way in constitution; for scattered over both clouds are myriads of stars of all magnitudes from the eighth downwards. But also there are numbers of nebulae within the limits of both clouds, whereas the ground of the Milky Way is singularly free from true nebulae. Nor are the nebulae in the Magellanic Clouds so spread that we can attribute their appearance within the limits of the clouds to accident, or judge their real position to be (conceivably) far out in space beyond the myriads of stars just referred to. On the contrary, the space all round both the Magellanic Clouds is singularly free as well from stars as from nebulae. To use Sir John Herschel's own striking expression "the access to the nubeculae on all sides is through a desert." No doubt, then, can remain that the nebulae seen in the Magellanic Clouds are within the same region of space as the small stars seen along with them.

Now let the reader carefully note the significance of these facts. The reasoning by which that significance is deduced is exceedingly simple; but the result is of the utmost importance.

Each of the Magellanic Clouds, as we have said, is nearly round. Now when an object appears round the most probable opinion we can form respecting the object's shape is that it is globular. An object which is not globular *may* appear circular, as for instance, an egg, a roller, or the like, looked at endwise, or a coin looked at in a direction square to its flat surfaces. But we know that if an egg, or a roller, or a coin, were held in a random position, the chances would be against that position being such that the egg, or roller, or coin would present its round aspect, so to speak. And clearly, therefore, if we know nothing about a certain ob-

* Well may Struve ask, "Ne serait-il pas temps que l'Angleterre se décide à honorer la mémoire de son plus grand astronome, par une édition complète et systématique de ses œuvres?"

[†] Lest the present writer should seem to dwell unduly here on the mistakes of men so eminent in their several degrees as Professor Grant and Sir John Herschel, he quotes his own opinion as recorded in 1865 on the same subject. After defining "Herschel's Nebular Theory," he said respecting it that "modern discoveries do not favour it. It appears probable that with sufficient telescopic power, all nebulae would be resolvable into stars." Scarcely had these words been published when he received from Dr. Huggins the account of the spectroscopic discovery that the Orion nebula, and several others, are composed of glowing gas.

ject but that it appears round, we must accept as probable the belief that it is globular.* This conclusion, which would be justly arrived at in the case of one object, is much strengthened when two objects of the same general aspect, but quite independent of each other, *both* appear to be round. We cannot reasonably doubt, then, that the region of space occupied by each Magellanic Cloud approaches to the globular form.

But if the Magellanic Clouds are globular objects, we can tell the relative limits of distance between which all objects in either cloud must lie. To illustrate our meaning, let us take the sun's globe. One point of that globe is nearer to us than any other, and one point is farther away than any other. The nearest point is that which appears to lie at the centre of the solar disc, the farthest would appear to occupy exactly the same position, if the sun were a transparent globe. Now we can tell how much farther *relatively* the latter point is than the former, without at all considering the *actual* distance of the sun. The sun might be only a thousand miles away, or a thousand billions of miles, and yet the relative distances of these two points would be the same. As a matter of fact, if the distance of the nearest point of the sun's globe is called one hundred, then the distance of the farthest is slightly less than a hundred and one. Precisely the same reasoning applies to each of the Magellanic Clouds, only the relative distances are not the same as in the sun's case, because the Magellanic Clouds both cover a much larger portion of the sky

than the sun does. In the case of the larger Magellanic Cloud, it is easily shown that if the distance of the nearest part of that globe-shaped cluster be called *nine*, the distance of the farthest part must be about *ten*. In the case of the smaller, the distance of the farthest part is yet more nearly equal to that of the nearest part.

We have, then, this altogether unexpected result, that, so far as the nebulae in the Magellanic Clouds are concerned, we have not to deal with galaxies external to our system, but with objects mixed up with stars of the eighth magnitude — that is, with stars which had always been regarded by astronomers as lying far nearer to us than the outskirts of the star-system. "It must be taken as a demonstrated fact" says Sir John Herschel, "that stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude" (that is, stars only just beyond the limits of the unaided vision), "and irresolvable nebulae," (that is, objects which had been supposed to lie hundreds of times farther away than the outermost bounds of our own star-system), "may co-exist within limits of distance not differing in proportion more than as nine to ten, a conclusion which must inspire some degree of caution in admitting as *certain* many of the consequences which have been rather strongly dwelt upon" in the treatment of the elder Herschel's researches.

Now it may seem highly venturesome to press this conclusion more earnestly than Sir John Herschel himself has seemed willing to do. Yet we must not forget that it was a peculiarity of Sir John Herschel's mode of dealing with such matters, that he did not press facts home very strongly. He had not, indeed, a firm grasp of facts. Again and again in his published works we find him reasoning in absolute forgetfulness — or as if in absolute forgetfulness — of facts he had already demonstrated or admitted. He differed in this most markedly from his father, who never once let go his grasp of a fact. Both these great men had a light hold of theories, but the elder Herschel had at the same time a vice-like hold of facts, — Sir John Herschel not un seldom let them slip through his fingers.

We therefore confidently urge the "demonstrated fact" spoken of by Sir John Herschel, as "a conclusion which must inspire" something more than "caution in admitting" the consequences which had been supposed to flow from the elder Herschel's studies of such irresolvable nebulae as he did not consider to be gaseous. Sir W. Herschel had judged that multitudes

* We have an instance of this sort of reasoning in the case of the moon. We know nothing certainly about the shape of the moon regarded as a solid, for we only see her under one aspect. So far as abstract possibilities are concerned, the moon, as seen under certain aspects from Venus, might present the shape of an egg, or even of a diamond. Still we conclude that the moon is a globe, because she presents the aspect which a globe, and a globe only, presents in all positions. (Lately astronomers have indeed seen reason for questioning this conclusion, but our present argument is not affected by the circumstance.) But now let us conceive a case directly illustrating the argument dealt with above. Suppose a certain fruit of unknown nature is held in such a position, and at such a distance, that all we can recognize of its aspect is its seeming outline, and that this outline is round. We should regard it as probable that the fruit is globular. Now if a second specimen were similarly held up (in a random position) and seen to be also round, we should be very strongly confirmed in our opinion, and the mathematical theory of probabilities shows us that this naturally deduced conclusion is a just one. For instance, suppose — to use our ordinary modes of expression — that the odds are three to one against an egg-shaped fruit appearing round (under such circumstances as are dealt with above), then the odds against two such egg-shaped fruits appearing round would be no less than fifteen to one.

of these nebulae must be external Milky Ways; the "demonstrated fact" is that a large group of such nebulae happening to be so placed that their distance (relatively to isolated stars) can be estimated, are *not* external galaxies, but much nearer to us than many parts of our own galaxy. In the only cases in which we can judge, these star-cloudlets are found *not* to be external star-systems; is not this a ground for something more than caution as to the theory that in the other cases, where we have no means of judging, such star-cloudlets are *certainly* external star-systems? Take any really parallel case and the answer to this question will be obvious. Suppose a botanist had asserted his belief that all the plants presenting certain characteristic features were poisonous, no evidence beyond the existence of those features being at the time available, and that at length some person made actual experiment on ten or twelve orders of plants having such features, and found that they certainly were *not* poisonous—would not this demonstrated fact dispose entirely of the reasoning, however ingenious it might be, on which the general theory of the poisonous nature of such plants had been supposed to be established? Would it not be a fair inference that the untried orders were at least *probably* innocuous? And would it not be thought strange if a botanist, commenting on the discovery that all the as yet tried orders of plants having certain characteristics were innocuous, were to say, "This demonstrated fact must inspire some degree of caution in admitting as *certain* the conclusion that the remaining orders of such plants are poisonous?" We yield to none in our respect for the great astronomer whose loss science is now deploring. We entertain most strongly the opinion that he was far the greatest astronomer of our time; but truth compels us to say that in his mode of dealing with demonstrated facts, and especially in this particular instance, he was, to say the least, not so happy as his father. He seems almost to have regretted to see certain questions pass beyond the field of controversy into the domain of the known.

But, after all, how aptly this "demon-

strated fact" of Sir John Herschel's fits in with the work of his father! When we note how the views of the elder Herschel had been gradually modified, and the course on which the progression of his theories had led him, we see that the fact discovered by the younger Herschel was only somewhat in advance of the point reached by the father, but lies strictly in the direction along which he had been progressing up to the very close of his career. Sir W. Herschel had modified his views about unequal double stars—concluding that the fainter orb is physically associated with the brighter one, instead of lying far beyond it. He had modified his views as to star-groups of various order. He had given up the idea that our star-system can be gauged—regarding the great cloud-masses of the Milky Way as real clustering aggregations of stars, instead of depths extending far out into space and owing their seeming richness only to such extension. He had come to regard many star clusters as part and parcel of the Milky Way, and large numbers of nebulae as vaporous masses lying far within its limits. It seems impossible to question how *he*, at least, would have regarded the discovery made by his son. He would have felt, we conceive, that so far as the evidence went, the sole remaining objects which could till then be regarded as external galaxies, must no longer be so regarded,—that *these*, like so many objects which he had himself dealt with, must be looked upon as among the wonders of our own star-depths. Nor do we think that in arriving at this conclusion, in making this further advance along the road which he had already traversed so far, he would have judged that he was adopting views in any respect less wonderful or less awe-inspiring than those grand, yet mistaken, theories, in which hundreds of other Milky Ways had figured. On the contrary he would have felt that in obtaining an enhanced estimate of the extent, variety, and vitality of our own star-system, we were at the same time being led to form nobler opinions as to the myriads of other star-systems which doubtless exist, though, as yet, no telescope has revealed them to our contemplation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN HASTE.

"YOU'RE not often wrong, Kitty," said Mr. Fagg, "but you see you made a clear mistake when you said Patty Westropp had gone away after that there artist gentleman."

Mrs. Fagg was usually a recollected person. If her words sometimes stung, it was because she meant them to do so; but when you are toasting bacon before a fire that will not burn clear, it is vexing to be told of your mistakes. Mrs. Fagg therefore answered in a pet:

"Drat Patty Westropp! And how do you know she didn't go after him, and he wouldn't have nothing to do with her, having seen enough of her and her ways? Or again, how do you know he's not married to her? I suppose, Dennis, you have heard of such a thing in your life as men who find pleasure in gadding out without their wives? Hand me that dish, will you? there'll be some sense in doing that."

Dennis did as he was bid. He never quarrelled with his wife; he knew very well that sharp speeches from Kitty — and these were rarely directed against himself — were sure to be followed by some extra piece of wifely duty and affection, often by the concocting of a more tempting dinner than might otherwise have fallen to his lot. Mrs. Fagg had early learned to sacrifice to her husband's idols — ease and appetite.

She had not tasted any breakfast yet, though Dennis had had his long ago; but still it did not occur to Mr. Fagg that he might carry in his customer's breakfast, and spare the pale, tired, uncomplaining woman.

Instead of this, he went and smoked his pipe at the open door till Paul came out of the parlour. Mr. Whitmore had promised to ride over to Gray's Farm that morning; the Rector had offered to lend him a horse. He just nodded to Dennis, and went on to the Rectory.

"Too early to call on a lady, I suppose." He wanted to see Nuna Beaufort again alone, out of Will's presence; he felt a singular curiosity to know whether she really loved the young farmer, or whether she was only going to marry him because she cared for no one else.

"It won't be a safe marriage if that's the case," he said. "She may not have loved yet, but a woman can't have that power of expression in her eyes and not have the power of loving along with it.

It's impossible she can love that carcase of a farmer, poor little thing."

The Rectory gate opened when he tried it, and he went in. The entrance hall was empty, but the Christmas decorations were still there; and as Paul admired them, and felt sure they were Nuna's doing, he again thought she would be thrown away on Will Bright.

He looked about for a servant to announce him, but no one was in sight. In truth, cook and Jane were both far too deeply engaged in the china closet to heed even the bell; for if the best china had been left for Miss Nuna's putting away, cook knew very well what that would come to. But there was no bell to be seen, and Paul looked out of the window across the lawn.

Just there, under those grand leafless plane-trees, they had sat and drunk tea out of the Vienna tea-cups; and then, as if it were held up to him in a picture, the whole scene came distinctly back to Paul, and he seemed to hear Nuna's enthusiastic praise of Patty's beauty. A hot flush rose in his face; thought went on, spite of his repugnance, and recalled other words that had been spoken by Patty, — slighting, contemptuous words, of the girl who had been so generous towards herself.

He remembered that even then, mad as he was, Patty's dislike to Nuna had pained him; but he felt rather than knew, how much Patty's contempt had influenced his own indifference to Miss Beaufort.

Patty! The thought of her opened the door to the memory he had been battling with for weeks. Pritchard had told him of the nine days' wonder of Ashton in the total disappearance of the Westropp, father and daughter, but Paul had listened in silence. He knew his friend's power of tormenting far too well to run the risk of betraying himself. He tried to think of Patty calmly; to see her as he might have seen her if his eyes had not been blinded by passion — and his reason decided against her. She had treated him shamefully.

She had deliberately rejected him because she felt able to push her own way in the world; he had told himself this over and over again, but to-day the conviction was stronger than ever.

"She never loved me," he said to himself; "she was heartless from the beginning, or this money would not have changed her. Real love in a woman is not conquered so quickly. Her love, if it had been genuine, would have made her understand me; she would have dreaded

lest her fortune should set me against her, for I spoke openly to her of my dislike to money as mere wealth."

And then he thought again of Nuna Beaufort, and confessed that she was worth a hundred Pattys. But the confession was too calm and reasonable, there was no ardour in it; a dread lurked behind—a dread which he turned from resolutely—would not Patty in living presence, Patty once more sweet and loving, be as dangerous to his peace as ever? The only safety lay in throwing aside her memory.

"I wonder why I came down here? And yet I don't know, nothing destroys an outline so completely as painting it out, and when I go back to the studio I shall perhaps carry the memory of these change-ful dark eyes with me."

He heard some one coming, and he hoped it was Nuna. She came slowly into the hall, her head bent, her hat in her hand, her whole attitude full of dejection.

Paul stood a minute, yet in the recess of the window admiring her graceful shape; her soft grey gown fell in broad folds, and her rich hair coiled round her well-set head in thick glossy braids. She moved on towards the outer door.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul, coming forward; "I know I ought not to call so early, but Mr. Beaufort kindly offered to lend me his horse. Can I see him, do you think?"

"Yes—no." Nuna's voice sounded thick, and she was so confused that she stammered. She was really in the midst of a hearty fit of crying, only Paul did not detect it at first. "Will you mind waiting a little?" she said more steadily. "Will you come in and sit down? Papa is writing, and I know he must not be disturbed."

She turned away abruptly and opened the drawing-room door, but Paul had had time to see that she was in trouble. Till now Nuna had been to him more like a picture than a woman; but that wonderful tenderness for weak oppressed creatures, which seems the most godlike attribute of mankind, in a moment bridged over the distance there had been between them; the utter dejection of the girl's aspect gave the human link that had been wanting to her. Mr. Whitmore felt on a sudden wiser, older, moved out of his usual outside calm, to protect and comfort this grief-stricken maiden.

"Will you sit down here, please? Papa won't be long. I know; but he can't see you just now."

There came a little sob into her voice, and she moved hastily towards the door.

Paul could not let her go. Had that old curmudgeon of a father been making her cry? "I wish you would let me look at the song you sang last night," he said.

She went back to the other end of the room, and began to turn over her music; her hands felt hot and cold at once, she did not know what she was doing. Ever since they parted in the verandah she had only thought of Paul—thought of him all through her long wakeful night, till she had felt as if she could never meet him again for fear of betraying her delight in his presence. And then when morning broke, with its cold uncontrollable reality, to tell her that one or two sweet visions that had come in short snatches of repose from the long open-eyed night, were as false as mirage. Nuna rose up from her bed in actual terror of herself and her own overpowering feelings.

"It is not love," she said; "I could not be so unwomanly as to love a man who has not sought me, and Mr. Whitmore has only shown me common courtesy. It is because I live so shut up; I see so few people, that every fresh face sends me off my balance with excitement; in a day or two, when he has gone away from Ashton, I shall be all right again."

Gone away from Ashton! Nuna felt as if she were going mad this morning. How was she to live on this same quiet, unchanging existence now; and as if to stamp on her heart the conviction of her own self-deceit came the thought of Mr. Pritchard. He was a stranger, and yet he had not occupied the merest fragments of her thoughts. She scarcely remembered a word he had said, and all through the night she had been repeating every look and tone and gesture of Mr. Whitmore's.

She had come down to breakfast pale and unhappy, and her father had announced to her his intention of asking Elizabeth Matthews to live with them. Nuna was already so unstrung that she had felt no ready power of self-control; she burst into an indignant remonstrance, and went out of the room in a tempest of almost despairing sorrow. She knew, just when she met Paul, that the Rector had gone into his study to write the dreaded letter of invitation. For the moment her sorrow had helped her against her self-consciousness. Now, as she stood looking for the song, Paul came towards her, and held the portfolio open. Nuna's

cheeks grew hotter and hotter as she bent down over the music; her fingers felt glued to the paper, and kept on turning over leaves at random. She could not master her terror—a terror she could not have explained, and yet in which there mingled an intense, almost a delirious joy. The song had been an old one; Nuna had sung it sorely against her will at the urgent request of Mrs. Bright; it was the ordinary hackneyed plaint of a forsaken maiden bewailing her fate in extra touching words. She found the song at last, and held it towards Paul.

But he had forgotten all about it. He had been watching the rising glow in Nuna's face, and the traces of deep sorrow, and every moment he had felt himself drawn more and more irresistibly to try and win the confidence of this half-shy, half-frank creature so utterly unlike any girl he had seen before.

He took the music, and put it back among the rest.

"I am afraid you are in trouble—can't I help you in some way?"

He felt how eccentric he was; but Paul was not accustomed to resist impulse, and an attraction that was quite beyond him hurried him on now completely out of himself and of all reticence.

The touch of sympathy in his voice thrilled through Nuna. Involuntarily her eyes raised themselves to his, and sank at once beneath the glowing gaze she met. She felt as if she must run away from him.

"You can't help me. I'll see if papa is ready." She tried to make her words as cold and as steady as she could; she walked across the room, her fingers were on the handle of the door, another moment, and she would have escaped.

How do such things happen? No one knows; no one can ever detail the sensations of the most eventful moments of life. No one sees the wind rise, or the lightning part the dark cloud overhead. We see the tree lying prostrate, the building tottering from roof to basement, or it may be riven asunder, and we feel with a sort of awful conviction that no mere human agency can ever revoke that which has come to pass, and efface the stamp of disaster.

In the present case the seen effect was this: Paul had reached Nuna's side, had taken her hand very gently and tenderly in his own.

"Won't you tell me?" he said; "I am sure I could help you."

He had taken her hand gently, but he held it firmly. For an instant she tried to escape, and then she yielded, not only because she felt no power against his strong grasp, but because her spirit yielded too in glad submission.

"You will tell me, won't you?" He bent his head, and the words seemed to steal into her very soul. "If you knew how I long to comfort you, you would, I'm sure."

It seemed to Nuna as if her grief were too childish; there was so much of reverence in her love for Paul, it was impossible to trouble him with the story of her dislike to Elizabeth.

"You'll think me silly," she blushed, and Paul could scarcely keep from drawing her close into his arms. But he was not in the same wild impatient state into which Patty Westropp had thrown him. He saw that if he were gentle with Nuna, she would tell him her trouble in her own way; but he saw too that her shyness was real, and that she was as likely to run away as to stay with him.

"I could never think you silly," he said warmly. He felt the little hand trying to free itself, and he let it go.

"It seems like blaming my father," she said simply; "but I don't mean that; only he is asking a cousin to come and live with us, a person I dislike, and it makes me so unhappy." She paused. Paul stood listening; he felt warm delight at winning this child-like confidence. "I do so long to know if I am right or wrong;" and in her impulsive, unthinking way she clasped her hands over her eyes. "I longed so to live alone with my father, and now he will be shut away from me more than ever, and he will end by not loving me at all."

If she had not hidden her eyes, she would not have said this; but the unseen spiritual influence was drawing her to Paul with irresistible strength.

"That is impossible," he said warmly. He had bent down over her while she hid her eyes; she felt this, and drew herself away. The slight movement quickened his growing love; he longed to take her hands away, to make the dark eyes look lovingly into his; but still he waited. A sudden remembrance of Will Bright came between him and Nuna, and he resolved to know the truth.

"It may be," he said, "that Mr. Beaufort knows you will leave him before long,

and he wishes to make provision before such an event takes place?"

Nuna could not mistake the questioning tone in which he spoke. She looked up for the first time, and he read in her frank, direct glance her guess at his meaning.

"I am not likely to leave my father," she said; she blushed very much. That one glance at Paul had reminded her that she was opening her whole heart to a stranger. But her words were like joy-bells to Paul; he loved her for her frank directness. It seemed to him that she had understood that he meant Will Bright.

"But you would leave him for some one who loved you — some one you loved too — you would, would you not?"

Before he could get possession of her hand again Nuna had taken fright, and started away from him.

Spite of her love, it was too new, too sudden. She could not believe he loved her. What had she done to give Mr. Whitmore cause to speak in this way to her?

Flight seemed her only safety; and yet when she reached the door she gave one look, she could not help it, to show him she was not angry.

The look was enough; it was all Paul could do to keep from following her and forcing her to speak the confession her eyes had made.

He loved her better for not yielding too easily. Had he seen the Rector he would at once have asked permission to woo his daughter; but Mr. Beaufort's letter proved lengthy, and Jane came to say "the horse was brought round, and would Mr. Whitmore excuse seeing master."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. BRIGHT CONFIDES.

MR. BEAUFORT'S old horse knew the short way to Gray's Farm, and he trotted briskly through Carving's Wood Lane — but not fast enough to satisfy Paul. The oft-trodden way brought back most disturbing memories; and when he reached the angle leading to the cottage, he fairly dashed over the common to get free from them. His passion for Patty seemed to him to-day a mad infatuation; and yet if this change of fortune had not happened, he would most likely now be married to her — an ignorant country girl. And what had he done this morning? Flung himself, in the same head-

long, impulsive way, into a fresh attachment.

"And how is it to end? Am I going to make Nuna my wife — my wife?" he said the last words slowly, with a sort of hesitating pleasure. There was nothing to shrink from in Nuna Beaufort, and yet it seemed strange to Paul that at the very threshold of his love, when he might have been expected to forget all prudence or doubt in the first flush of joy, it seemed strange he should ask himself deliberately why he had been so hasty.

"It would have been wiser to wait. I might have seen more of her. How do I know that I can make her happy?"

But he forced himself to think of her and her sweet blushing confusion, and before he reached Gray's Farm his mind was once more at ease. He felt that he was beloved, not as he meant Nuna to love him, but still enough to make him sure that he would suffice for Nuna's happiness; Paul had studied women enough to learn that a woman's love brings its own happiness along with it, if she only gets some love in return for the lavish wealth of her own. He felt that to such a nature as that which revealed itself in Nuna's deep passionate eyes the bliss of loving was greater even than that of being loved again.

"And what does one want in a wife but love?" he said to himself. "And she has so much besides. She is far too good for a harum-scarum fellow like me. I don't believe her father will let me have her."

He was hailed from the other side of the hedge that bordered the stony lane, and presently Will and his cousin appeared through a gate leading into the field they had been walking in.

"Very glad to see you," said Will, heartily. Paul shook hands, but he felt guilty; he resolved that no amount of pressing should prevail on him to become an inmate of Gray's Farm, for he felt positive Mr. Bright was in love with Nuna.

"Here, Larry!" shouted Will; and the Irishman came up grinning from ear to ear, and led Mr. Beaufort's horse away to the stables.

Mrs. Bright was in a flutter of delight, and Mr. Whitmore so increased her excitement by praising everything, from the scarlet bunches of pyrocanthus berries on each side of the entrance door to the old-fashioned dogs in the fireplace, that she nearly danced with pleasure along the passage leading to the drawing-room.

But here Paul's praises came to an end. There was a stuffy formal atmosphere about this, the grand room of the house, and moreover all the little attempts at taste — and there were too many of these — were either stiff, or what Mrs. Fagg would have called "messy." The chimney-piece of Mrs. Bright's drawing-room was decidedly "messy." There was an old-fashioned clock in china of the Louis Quinze period; and with this went harmoniously a Chelsea Venus on one side and a Dresden Neptune on the other. But then Mrs. Bright could not leave well alone. Stephen Pritchard had presented his aunt with a pair of white China candlesticks in the style of the clock, but between these and the figures were gourds set on end; and again, between the figures and the clock, small coloured wax-images, with tremulous heads; and as if they were not obtrusive enough by themselves, the good woman had crammed into the hand of each a sheaf of dried grass, to give, as she expressed it, "a grace" to the arrangement. The whole was backed by hand-screens painted by Mrs. Bright herself in youthful days; tulips on white velvet with a border and a stick in blackened gilding. The same vague idea pervaded the room. There was neither uniformity nor contrast, nor any repose for the eye in the amount of petty trifles scattered about.

The room worried Paul. He was glad when Will got a business summons to the Hall, and Mrs. Bright proposed they should go into the parlour and see if dinner were ready.

"I never wait for Will," she said. "We live like clocks here, Mr. Whitmore, every day exactly alike."

"Don't you get very tired of it?" said Paul.

"Dear, dear, how like you are to Nuna Beaufort; that's exactly what she said yesterday when I was telling her about Will's punctual ways. Something in the paints is it, do you think, that makes people irregular? You know Nuna is quite an artist, Mr. Whitmore. And yet Stephen is just the same about dulness, and his is all pen and ink work. I suppose you are all alike, and I can't tell what it is that does it?"

It was always impossible to the blithe chatterpie of a woman to keep her uppermost thoughts from getting into words, and yet she felt sure Will would be vexed that she talked about Nuna to Mr. Whitmore.

Mr. Pritchard roused himself from the

brown study into which his aunt's talk was apt to send him, "I say, Paul, what do you think of our Ashton beauty? I can tell you, you must mind what you say about her here."

Paul looked at Pritchard, and then at Mrs. Bright; it seemed to him that his last night's admiration had not been remarked. They both appeared to be standing up in defence of Nuna.

"I think she is charming," he said, warmly. "I wonder she has not been taken away from Ashton before this."

He wanted to be fair and above board with Mr. Bright. Nuna's words had told him that he was not winning her away from a favoured lover, but Paul's independence chafed at anything like concealment.

Mrs. Bright bridled, smiled at Mr. Pritchard, and gave a sort of half-cough.

"Then you did not tell your friend anything, Stephen?"

"I don't think there's anything to tell; and if there is, I'm not sure that Will cares for it to be talked over publicly." Mr. Pritchard spoke roughly, walked to the window and whistled. It had come into his head last night as they drove home from the Rectory, that if he could bring himself to commit such a folly as marriage — Mr. Pritchard had taken more wine than usual, and it was broad moonlight, both which circumstances may account for his entertaining even in a temporary fashion such a conventional idea as marriage — well then, if he could do this, Nuna Beaufort was just the girl he should like for a wife.

"She has plenty of feeling and fire, and no forms and ceremonies;" for a keen observer like Pritchard had noted at once the little irregularities of manner, the impulsive words which, spite of her gentle courtesy, made Nuna wholly unlike a proper "drawing-room young lady."

Finding herself left thus alone with Paul, the temptation to confide was too strong for Mrs. Bright. Something in the strongly marked face, in those dark eyes, almost stern when they were not smiling, inspired her, as Paul's face usually inspired women, with a sense of trust. He looked too noble, too grand, to take advantage of her confidence.

"Perhaps Stephen is right, Mr. Whitmore," she said in a half-whisper; "my son is extremely particular; but then you are so intimate with his cousin, living together and all, you know it does make such a difference."

"You must excuse me," said Paul, "I

cannot imagine that I have the slightest right to Mr. Bright's confidence."

"Oh, of course not, I did not mean that; but everybody in Ashton knows Will means to marry Nuna. The Rector and I settled it months ago." A flush came into Paul's face. He wished to speak openly to Mr. Beaufort before any one else — before Pritchard even knew of his love and his hopes; but still it seemed as if he must protest against Mrs. Bright's certainty.

"I am not surprised at your son's attachment, but I should not have thought Miss Beaufort was likely to marry him."

"Good gracious me! why not? Why, Stephen — no, nothing." She heard her son's heavy step outside, and she stopped. "I wish dinner would come; you must be quite starved, Mr. Whitmore."

But Paul assured her he could not stay to dinner. He felt as if he could not remain another minute in the house. The idea of Nuna disposed of in this summary fashion made him furious. Mrs. Bright begged and entreated, and got Will to aid her in pressing hospitality on the visitor. Paul was resolute, and finally got off with the penance of a glass of cherry brandy, and a hunch of seed-cake nearly as big as his head, Mrs. Bright keeping up meanwhile a history of the cherry-tree, and of the best way of preventing the fruit from shrivelling in the brandy.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROGER WESTROPP AT HOME IN LONDON.

"I WANT you, please, to drive me to No. 4, Bellamount Terrace, Old Kent Road." Miss Coppock spoke to the cab-driver with her usual obsequious politeness, and then she threw herself back in the cab.

She felt relieved and curious too — relieved from the daily wear of anxiety, and yet curious as to the result of her journey. But when she found herself drawn up to the edge of the pavement, opposite some broken railings, she pulled out of her pocket a crumpled piece of paper. Yes, there was no mistake, the dirty smoke-begrimed house before her, without a curtain to any of its misty windows, and scarcely any paint to speak of on its crooked door, was the place of her destination. The house door had evidently gone down in life on one side at any rate, and its dirt was rendered even more conspicuous by a spasmodic dauby attempt to brighten the handle and bell knob. — These in their unusual brazen glory, likened the door somewhat to a factory girl with her gilt earrings and grimy fingers.

The whilome turf at the foot of the steps was grassless, as if it had gone bald with age; the railings which fenced in this dreary habitation from the road were broken and very rusty, and the gate having lost its fastening and moreover one of its hinges, was kept on duty by a huge wooden bar. The cabman was now struggling to unfasten this after an ineffectual search for the outside bell.

Miss Coppock's heart sank. She knew that she should not find Patty in Bellamount Terrace; but being a woman, she had given rein too liberally to fancy, and it had never occurred to her that Roger would remain the same niggardly Roger as ever in his thorough change of circumstances.

"It need not surely be all so dirty," she said, sighing with disgust, as she gathered up her fresh crisp skirts and stepped along to the house.

The door stood half open, and she knew very well from that circumstance that Roger was hidden behind it. She tried to smooth her face into its usual practised smile, bade the cabman set her boxes at the foot of the steps, and dismissed him. Patience was not specially a neat or orderly woman; nature seems to have otherwise provided in the composition of dressmakers; but for the moment, as the cab drove away, she longed to call it back, and yield up all the golden hopes she had built on Patty's friendship, for the sake of escaping the squalor before her.

The door opened slowly, grating as it did so on something on the bare boards within, and then she perceived Roger himself. He looked taller and more careworn than when she last saw him, but he held out his hand to greet her in what he meant to be a cordial fashion. His eyes smiled, but his lips could not relax their grimace. Roger had a respect for Miss Coppock rather than a liking; but the sight of a face that took him back to former times was pleasant, for he missed his old life — the life which had grown to be as much a part of him as his skin or his hair: and yet while he awkwardly shook Miss Patience's well-gloved hand in his lank, large-jointed fingers, a dim vision of extra loaves, the necessity for butcher's meat, milk, butter, and other luxuries almost unknown in Bellamount Terrace, kept his lips firmly pressed together to repress a groan.

"Glad to see ye, ma'am; walk in, will ye, an' I'll have those boxes in directly."

Patience passed in as she was bid at a door on the right of the narrow, stuffy

passage. She had just come from the fresh pure air of the country, and she felt sick and faint at the close odour of stale tobacco, and the memories of what had once doubtless been savoury fumes, that hung about the little dirty room. It was carpeted with dark green drugget, with irregular yellow spots, and across the hearth, by way of rug, stretched a breadth of the same pattern, with raw unhemmed ends. There was no relief for the eye on the walls covered with what had been flaunting flower-bunched paper, faded and bulging out here and there. The only thing on which the eye could rest with pleasure stood on the mantleshef, between the two old candlesticks, in front of the blackened and clouded looking-glass, — a coloured photograph of Patty. As Patience bent down to look at it, it seemed to her that sunshine came into the poor dingy room at once.

"Dear me, how beautiful!" said the dressmaker. "I had forgotten half her prettiness."

"You'll perhaps not want your boxes up-stairs?" Roger's voice came in a sort of beseeching, half-ashamed way, from the parlour door. "That is, I don't know how soon you think of joining my daughter, ma'am."

If she had found Roger in a different house, Miss Coppock would have resented this speech; she had resolved to submit herself to Patty, but she saw no need to cringe to the father, on whom Patty was in no way dependent. She had meant to use this lodging as long as it suited her to stay in London; but now that she saw it one night in such a place would be as much as she could bring herself to endure, and she did not care to incur unnecessary expense, so she answered graciously:

"Oh, no, thank you; I hope to start for Paris to-morrow evening, as soon as ever I have executed dear Patty's commissions."

Roger went to the top of the kitchen stairs, but he had to go down half of them before he could summon the deaf old woman he had engaged in honour of Miss Coppock, to escort that lady to her bedroom. Patience followed the ragged creature up-stairs, but her feelings were not soothed by this attendance. The deaf, haggard-throated, old woman, who looked like a mummy from a rag-shop, had brought water with her to fill the jug, and spying some dirt on the inside of the basin she deliberately spat on it, and then rubbed it with her smeared apron as the quickest way of removing it.

"Dinner be ready in five minutes," said the hag, with a sniff; and she went tumbling down the stairs.

It was not appetizing to look forward to dinner cooked by such hands; but after all it was only a trial of some hours, and Miss Coppock had known a few ups and downs in her former life.

The tablecloth was fairly clean, a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact that Roger was in the habit of using a newspaper in lieu of such a luxury; and the dinner, half a shoulder of mutton baked, smelt savoury.

By the time the meal was over Miss Patience felt at home with Roger.

"And how do you amuse yourself, Mr. Westropp, if I may ask? — at least I suppose I am to say Mr. Latimer, such being the wish of dear Patty." These last words were spoken with the suavity of the Guildford show-room, and Roger winced and sneered at the same time.

He was a keen observer. As long as he looked at Miss Coppock, and saw only her remarkable face and quiet movements, he was impressed by her superiority; but Roger had been used to real gentlefolks, and the assumption in Patience's tone unmasked her at once. His sour rugged nature had one virtue, he abhorred shams; and without knowing why, he felt ill at ease with his daughter's friend.

"I don't hold with changing of our name, ma'am; it ain't my way of doing business. There's only one thing as I can see for it; Patty says — and she's cute at judging folks — she says she is less likely to be cheated and put upon if folks don't know about her than if they do. That may hold good for her, but I can't see it for myself."

"She's quite right; if she hadn't changed her name your story would have got wind, and she have been a regular prey to all sorts of people."

In her heart Patience knew that the mystery she had herself enjoined was necessary to the hold she meant to keep over Patty, and she spoke eagerly and naturally.

Roger looked keenly at her with those deep-set light-blue eyes of his and he felt baffled.

"She's like two women in one," he said; "she can speak out open and hearty, and then, without a word of warning she minces and ambles like a pony going through its paces for a circus rider. I'm blessed if she don't floor me."

Roger scarcely knew how nearly he had hit the mark; he did not guess at all

that the poor deceitful woman was more natural with him than she had been since she was a child.

She questioned him again as to how he passed his time, and he told her.

"I know a trifle about money matters, ma'am, but not enough; bless ye, not half enough to guide such money as Watty's. I go to an old friend every day, and I'm learnin' to be a good man of business."

Miss Coppock stared.

"Dear me!" she said. "I should have thought now you'd have preferred leisure after being busy all your life."

Roger gave her another searching glance.

"You're a deal too sensible to think that, ma'am, if you give it a second thought. Them as has had to earn their daily bread is just the folk which finds daily leisure a burden. I spoke to you of a friend just now; I'll name no names, and then no one can be hurt. Him and me was lads at the same school, Miss Coppock. I stayed down in the parish, he went up to town, and I heard no more on him; but he was nearly the first man I met when I came up to London. He's got a fine thriving business here all his own, and yet he works as hard at it as he did when he began life as a porter. If our money's managed his way, it 'ull double and treble itself."

Roger had drunk a little ale in honour of Miss Coppock, and this, with the long silence he had been living in since Patty's departure, had helped his tongue to an unusual flow of speech; but he checked himself, and glanced over his shoulder hastily. It was a great risk to speak of the money at all.

Miss Coppock looked and wondered; and twenty-four hours after, when she found herself at last on her way to Patty, she wondered still.

"Whatever will the girl do with that old father?" she thought. "She may dress him up in gentlemen's clothes, but when he begins to talk, he must be found out."

If Miss Coppock had passed her life in London, she would have known better; she would have learned that, with some folks, far worse ignorance than Roger's can be gilded so as to pass current.

She was a good sailor, and the journey was a real enjoyment; it took her back years of life. She was sorry when it ended, sorry when she reached Paris, and when the cab which conveyed her from the railway stopped at a white-fronted, green-blinded house in a quiet street; a French maid opened the door, and showed the way obsequiously to the visitor of "Mees Lat-

imer." Here for the present we must leave her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. FAGG'S OPINIONS.

PAUL did not go back to Ashton till late in the afternoon. He had a good notion of locality, and so after refreshing himself and his horse at a wretched little inn, where the bread was mouldy and the ale sour, he managed to see a good deal of country before he at last found himself at the farther end of Ashton from "The Bladebone."

He had studied to avoid Carving's Wood Lane. Patty was nothing to him now, only a humiliating memory; but his mind was at peace about Nuna, and he did not want to risk the chance of the strange disturbance he had experienced that morning as he rode through the lane.

"After all, I'm no wiser than other fools," he thought; "does not all history, whether of life or fiction, tell the same tale? Love never was, never can be a comfortable or easy sensation; it must always be full of doubt and worry."

Yes, Paul Whitmore, doubt whether we are loved, fear that we are unworthy of the love we hope for—doubt, it may even be when we love really and fondly, as to whether our feelings are true or only self-deceit; for this doubt will come from the most real part of love, its humility, its unbelief in its own power of loving: but not a doubt which brings the shadow, however faint, of another between ourselves and the woman we love; not a doubt as to the prudence and wisdom with which we have acted. No, Paul, these are not the torments of true ardent love, of the blind passion which yet never strays aside from the direct line of its flight.

He felt impatient to see Nuna again—not the feverish intoxication of impatience which had doubled each minute that kept him away from Patty; there was more method and reason in his present mood, and yet he was impatient. He wanted to make matters straight, to be quite sure of Nuna, and to speak to Mr. Beaufort.

"I suppose I ought to have talked to the old gentleman before I said anything to Nuna, but then I never do as I ought; besides, I can keep a wife, so there's nothing to be said against my making it out with her first."

Mrs. Fagg had softened towards her lodger when she found that the Rector had taken him into such favour as to lend him his own horse; a favour which he

owed far more to Mr. Bright's asking than his own, for Paul was bad at asking favours. Mrs. Fagg brought in his dinner, and waited upon him herself. But he was very silent; he had no questions to ask till she gave him one piece of information, and that startled him into talk.

"The Rector and Miss Nuna are going away to-morrow, sir; but you knew that, perhaps."

"Where are they going to?" Paul looked, as he felt, thoroughly vexed. Nuna had said nothing to him of this; he hated matters to go against his wishes, and he had planned out to-morrow after a fashion of his own.

"To Beanlands, sir; they always go there once a year, but only for a couple of days or so; it's Lord Lorton's place, Miss Nuna's grandpapa. Her mamma was Lady Mary Wynne, as you may have heard, sir."

No, he had not heard. This was worse and worse; he grew savage. He with his democratic notions, and his horror of "up-pish" people, merely because they were "up-pish"—for in his heart Paul valued breeding highly—that he should have given his love to the granddaughter of a lord! It was impossible that Mr. Beaufort could listen to his suit.

"Do you know when they are to return?"

"Well, sir, we are to send a fly up to the station the second day after to-morrow. I believe they are coming then."

Paul gave a sort of grunt, but his landlady approved his dissatisfaction: it showed that he valued the Rector's company. She went into the kitchen to tell Dennis, and found that worthy gravely instructing Bobby in the art of smoking his pipe.

"Mercy me, Dennis, how can you? The child 'ull be no better than a gun barrel or an engine funnel, all his dear little insides choked up with that filthy smoke. Bobby, did you never hear what happened to the little boy as smoked a pipe against his mother's wishes?"

Bobby's blue eyes looked like small cheese plates, he opened them so.

"The pipe stuck,"—Mrs. Fagg spoke with awful solemnity,—"*stuck* all day, and all night too, in the very self-same corner of that little boy's mouth, and by next morning it wasn't the little boy Bobby, as was fat and rosy and round, it was the pipe that had sucked the little boy into itself; there was nothing to be seen of him but the soles of his boots."

Bobby's lower lip had dropped with the progress of the story, and at this tragical

point, he burst into such a prolonged howl that his mother caught him up in her arms, and tried to comfort him with kisses.

"There, there, Bobby, don't be such a silly, don't; run and ask Sally if there's not a bit of ginger-cake in the tin."

Bobby went off with alacrity, though he still sobbed at the dreadful doom of the smoking boy; but Dennis felt himself agrieved.

"I call that folly now; you know such a thing couldn't have happened, Kitty, then why tell the little chap it could? It's like them foolish fairy stories Miss Nuna gived to Bob, making bears and such talk. Why the next thing 'ud have been, if I hadn't burnt the book, we should have had Bob flinging himself between the two next dogs he sees fighting, a-talking to 'em as if they was Christians."

"Bless you, Bob's not such a fool. But look you here, Dennis, I've a better opinion of our lodger than I had, and I don't object to his being here since he's took up with the Rectory. Mr. Beaufort may be a fidget and fanciful, but he's a real gentleman, and no one can get anything but good from his company. Mr. Whitmore was quite put out when he heard they were gone."

"Did you hear Miss Matthews were coming back?" said Dennis, with a look of great wisdom in his flat, complacent face.

"No, and I do hope she'll stay away; Miss Nuna's looked herself again ever since Miss Matthews went."

"She's coming, as sure as a gun. When I took the horse round just now, cook told me so herself." Mrs. Fagg could not restrain a slight elevation of the eyebrows at her husband's appetite for gossip. "Cook says Miss have been fretting about it, but master's more comfortable with Miss Matthews than without her."

"In-deed!" Mrs. Fagg laid a prodigious stress on the first syllable, and then she stopped, her breath coming in a series of short pants, as if indignation were too much for her. "Now I tell you what, Dennis; you know as well as most, that I don't give myself to talking of my neighbours, but if that Miss Matthews comes back to The Rectory, she don't leave it till she's married the Rector,—that's what she'll do."

Mrs. Fagg moved her head with a sort of sagacious wave, as if she wished to indicate that Miss Matthews' designs had been made known to her by special revelation.

Dennis had gone on smoking quietly;

he took the pipe from his mouth, puffed out a long cloud of smoke, and then gave a little laugh behind his hand.

"Well, Kitty, and why not? The Rector's not much older than me."

Mrs. Fagg made an effort to suppress her feelings, but there was a strong flavour of contempt in the look she gave her husband.

"I'm not thinking of the Rector; if he chooses to make an old fool of himself, he'll only follow suit with most men as has been more lucky than usual in their wives. Bless 'em, poor simpletons, they can't let well alone; just as if it 'ud be common justice for one man to have such luck twice over."

"Well, then," Dennis felt rather nervous; he laid down the law to his wife, and would not have acknowledged her superior wits even to himself, but he had a secret awe of them, an awe which made him always endeavour to elicit her opinion before he delivered his own—"then if you're not thinking of the Rector, Kitty, who is it you are thinking of? Miss Matthews? I rather thought myself the change would have suited her."

"Miss Matthews!" Mrs. Fagg's voice had got into an unusually shrill key. "She, indeed! Why, she's the very last person to be thought of at all; a poor sort of nobody, worming and twisting herself in like a cork-screw, till she's got such a firm hold of the Rector that it's my belief she'll do as she likes with him. Talk of foxes! if ever there was a white fox standing upon two legs in a lavender gown, it's Miss Matthews!"

"Come, come, Kitty, I'm sure she spoke you very pleasant the day she comed here."

"Did she, now? There's iron that'll look black when it's at red heat yet, and there's folks as can make believe looks which is a lie as to what's inside 'em. Miss Matthews 'ud smile through anything if she thought it 'ud serve her purpose. She's one you can't take on her own showing, Dennis, she wants a dictionary to make her out, and I rather take it Miss Nuna's sad face is her dictionary."

"Prejudice, prejudice, my dear!" said Dennis. He never gave in openly; that would have undermined the dignity on which he prided himself. "You see," he emphasized each word with his fore-finger, "you women must always have an object to sharpen your wits on; it's the same with you all; it used to be poor little Patty, and now it's going to be Miss Matthews. Well, *she's* no beauty;" and Dennis went on smoking.

Mrs. Fagg had been right on one point; Miss Matthews was so eager to obey the Rector's summons, that she arrived at Ashton next day, very soon after Mr. Beaufort and Nuna had departed.

She did not seem disappointed at finding the house empty; on the contrary, she told cook that she considered it very desirable she should be there to receive Miss Nuna on her return.

Cook felt restive; but there was something so collected and self-possessed about her master's cousin, that the old servant was powerless to resist the mandates issued from time to time, as Miss Matthews set vigorously to work to tidy up the house.

The change she effected was wonderful. The study was cleared of all superfluous litter, the books were taken down and dusted, and the shelves given up to Jane to be thoroughly cleansed; stray volumes lying about in heaps, taken down for reference from time to time, and left just where they had been used, were carefully replaced in the sets to which they belonged; manuscript of all kinds was carefully collected and tied in bundles, for Miss Matthews did not exercise the delightful right of private judgment in the way of destruction assumed by some female tidiers, although, perhaps, she had a great contempt for "useless scribble."

The room looked much larger, much lighter too, by the time she had finished her labours. There was an exasperating primness about it; the table was cleared of all but the inkstand, and every chair stood back against the wall. In Nuna's bedroom Miss Matthews was less merciful; everything that "harboured" dust was odious in her sight, and long-treasured birds' nests and trophies of bulrushes and grass blossoms, and other remembrances which Nuna loved to bring from her favourite haunts, were unsparingly condemned. Miss Matthews would have liked to fling some of the dirty old casts away, and to burn many of the drawings too, simply because they "harboured" dust, but Jane's look of surprise, and her indignant "Why, Miss Nuna did all them herself," restrained Miss Matthews for the present. Elizabeth abhorred the word art and its accessories; it was useless, and it always brought litter of some kind, and litter was her *bête noire*. In one of Dickens' Christmas stories, there is a captain whose only travelling encumbrance is a comb. Miss Matthews travelled with plenty of boxes,—she considered it a mark of distinction so to do; but she

strongly resembled the captain in her dislike to personal accessories.

Paul heard of her arrival, and he met her once in the village. He was puzzled at Nuna's dislike to her cousin. He took the reading of Miss Matthews which her face offered him. He thought she seemed a quiet, ordinary sort of woman, rather sweet-looking than otherwise.

He wished she had spoken to him. Ashton was so intensely dull in this leafless season, and he was determined not to go near Gray's Farm again.

His fancy for Nuna was growing faster in this separation than it would have grown if she and her father had stayed at the Rectory; and when the evening came at last on which they were expected to return, Paul found himself almost without his will on the road to the station, impatient to catch the first glimpse of her loving eyes.

CHAPTER. XXVII.

NUNA'S LOVE.

NUNA had always looked forward with dread to the visit at Lord Lorton's. Till now Mary had been the favourite with her grandfather, and Nuna had been left at home when her father and sister went to Beanlands; but this year there had been no escape, and she had shrunk from the dreary prospect of two days of solemn, ceremonious dullness.

And yet she was so glad to escape from Ashton—so afraid of trusting herself again with Paul—that it was at last a relief when she found herself safe on her way.

She was not sure how much was real, how much the work of her own imagination, in that last interview. In a new scene she hoped to be able to take a calmer, more dispassionate view of her own feelings—as if calm was likely to come again in her contemplation of Paul. Nuna knew that she loved, but she had no power of estimating the strength and depth of the passion which Paul had set free from its hiding-place; she only knew it in the shrinking with which she dreaded another meeting, a dread that grew to terror when she felt how she longed for his presence. She could not believe in Paul's love; it was only a sudden interest, she thought, aroused by the love she had herself betrayed by her impulsive, unguarded confidence in him.

"It is not love at all,"—this was how the poor girl tortured herself on the first night of her visit to Beanlands,—“only pity for my desolate state. And then he

may go on and mistake pity for love; no, he shall not do this when I go back to Ashton; I will die before I see him alone again. If he were to ask me that question again, my face would tell the truth, even if I kept silence.”

And what would be the end? Her answer did not come as Paul's answer had come to the self-same question. Nuna had no hope of becoming Mr. Whitmore's wife; but it seemed more than ever impossible to get through life all alone, now that she had tasted even for an instant the exquisite bliss of believing that he loved her; it would have been better never to have seen him.

"No," said Nuna fervently, "life has only been life to me since I saw him; and if he changes when I go back to Ashton—if I find that he has repented his sudden words and gone away for ever—there will always be the memory of his presence at the Rectory. I can always picture him there, and that will keep my life from being lonely."

A keen, quick anguish succeeded her words, and she hid her face on her pillow and wept the passionate, scalding tears that true love is apt to produce.

For there was no sand in Nuna's heart, no mere impressionable substance over which the waters of forgetfulness, the tide of change, could flow, effacing these agonies of first love—so effacing them as to leave a smooth surface again, a surface that might seem to the unpracticed eye fresh and untried. There may be, doubtless,—judging by what one sees in life,—there are different kinds of love; but such women as Nuna, women in whom love is innate rather than inspired, only love once, and then their whole being yields itself up for ever, is fused for ever into the nature which has subjugated theirs. Nuna's love might be better likened to one of the inscriptions on Eastern rocks; Paul's image lay graven indelibly on her heart, no human power could ever erase it.

Her father noticed her silence, but he fancied she was timid. Her grandfather had the gout, and was fractious—so fractious that Nuna earnestly hoped her father would never suffer from the disease, in spite of Lord Lorton's assurance that gout was quite a thing to have. She must have betrayed her democratic tendencies at some of these stereotyped remarks, for his lordship told her father that Nuna was a very pretty, graceful creature, but that she "wanted ballast." Mr. Beaufort communicated this remark when they were at last on their way back to Ashton.

"What is ballast?" said Nuna, laughing.

"Well, my dear"—Mr. Beaufort looked slightly perplexed—"I expect your grandfather means deportment—a more staid presence than you have. He likes women to keep to their proper sphere, they should move well and have pretty feminine accomplishments, they have no need to think deeply; I saw him shake his head this morning when he found you reading Carlyle. He thinks that women should be stately and dignified, but he dislikes new notions. He says women should persevere in the beaten track—he never wishes to see any change in them."

Nuna had not listened. They were in the fly now; in another half-hour they would be home again. Through the morning she had felt as if she could not wait for the time of starting; she must see Paul, and it was possible he might leave Ashton before they reached it. But now she had changed again; every minute was lessening the distance between them, and the dread that had so tormented her, the dread of seeming to claim his love against his will, came back to Nuna, and made her sick with fear of seeing him.

Her father leaned forward when they came to a turn in the road, and waved his hand. Nuna looked. There was Paul, and at the sight of him, of the joy that shone out in his face, Nuna's heart gave a wild leap, and then she sank back in the carriage. Rest had come at last. She was tired, yet so ineffably happy. In the transient calm that descended on her poor struggling soul, she realized all that she had been suffering, the exhaustion of her sleepless nights and troubled days.

A few minutes more and she should be safe in the quiet of her own bedroom, the only confidant she had now, the storehouse of much unwitnessed emotion. Lately, indeed, during her cousin's visit, this room might have been called, in Persian fashion, the Place of Tears.

"At last!" she said, when the fly stopped at the Rectory gate. If Nuna had been less absorbed, the shock would have come less suddenly, but it was terrible; there stood Elizabeth smiling a sweet welcome to them both, as if they were visitors, and she herself the mistress of the parsonage. Nuna felt stunned, she submitted passively to her cousin's kiss, and went on silently into the house.

"There is a nice fire in the study, dear," said Miss Matthews, with a chirrup in her voice that was hateful to Nuna. "Won't you come in and warm yourself, dear?"

Nuna was hurrying to the staircase, but an exclamation from her father stopped her. She paused, and looked into the study.

The Rector was standing before the fire with both Elizabeth's hands in his.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, warmly; "the room has not looked so home-like since I lost Mary."

Nuna had heard enough; she glided away, and when she reached her bedroom the changes there passed without notice. Storm had risen in her sorrowful soul—a storm which threatened to wreck all the peace she had left. She shut the door, locked it, and then stood leaning against it; she had no power to move in that moment of passionate anger—anger in which she felt capable of leaving her father and her home for ever, a father who was so cruelly unnatural as to prefer a stranger to his own child. But the fierce swelling tempest burst into a shower of tears, great scalding drops, and the slender frame shook like a lily in summer rain.

You are perhaps thinking that Nuna weeps for her own shortcomings, and that these are tears of anguish that her forgetful, uncared-for nature has made her neglectful of her father's comfort; but Mary's mistake told here against her young sister. Nuna's moral nature had not progressed with her mental powers during the years she had passed with Miss Matthews, and, except for her father's erudite but not very spiritual sermons, she had had no special outward help against herself since Mary died; and as, moreover, an indulged dislike generally brings its own sting with it, it is certain that Nuna's feelings towards her father and her cousin were at this moment most unreasonably bitter.

She was like a traveller jogging along through a dull, uninteresting journey; there is nothing to please him, but also there is nothing to cause him serious vexation. Suddenly he takes a wrong turning, he has a slight consciousness of his error, he almost wishes to retrace his steps, but he persists in going on till, losing his track altogether, he plunges into the dangers of which he had been warned before he set out.

Instead of the rest she had hoped for, here was the beginning of daily vexation. She had no thought of coping with it; she only writhed at the prospect before her. All light had gone from her life. What had been her troubles heretofore compared to this? To see the only creature she hated set in the place of her dead sister.

Even to herself she could not frame the further evil she dreaded. Filial reverence had not quite left her, and it would have seemed an insult to her father to fancy even that he could think of Elizabeth except as a cousin.

Her eyes travelled mechanically round the room, and recognized the changes effected during her absence; but these did not awaken fresh anger; Nuna's mind had no pettiness in it.

"She shall not have power to vex me," she murmured. It was sad to hear how bitterly she spoke, and to see the scorn that curved the delicate lips. "She is too contemptible to quarrel with." She stopped; her eyes had lighted on something that aroused a fresh train of thought. A small table that she had left littered with painting materials had been cleared, its encumbrances lay in neat precision on a shelf above, and on the table, in a pretty terra-cotta flower-pot, was a club-moss, the plant, Nuna's instinct told her, that Will had promised her. Will and his love, and herself as mistress of Gray's Farm, flitted like a vision across Nuna's thoughts; and with this came the feeling of refuge from Elizabeth; scarcely for an instant, and then she had almost flung the poor club-moss out of window, so intense was the disgust that succeeded.

She sank down into a chair, wearier than ever, so lonely, with such an ache at her heart, that even her tears flowed no longer from the dull weight there. Gradually there came to her timidly, as if it feared to mingle with the strife that had been raging in her breast, the memory of Paul's look of love.

"He loves me; yes, he loves me. Oh, if he leaves me, I must die!"

And as imagination, always with Nuna so much harder at work than was needful, conjured up the picture of her life alone, without the love she craved, the heart-ache culminated in a deep shuddering sob, then another, and tears came at last; no longer the proud scalding drops which had only stimulated her resentment, but softening, tender tears.

Nuna's brow was smooth, and she could look cheerful when she at last went downstairs.

Several letters lay on the tea-table, one of them in an unknown handwriting. Nuna opened this first, and then smiled at the result of her curiosity.

"I thought I had a new correspondent," she said, "and it is only a circular to say that Miss Coppock has retired from business, and that some one from Weybridge

solicits the continuation of my distinguished patronage. I wonder Miss Coppock did not tell me she was going away."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PATTY THE HEIRESS.

Miss COPPOCK found herself ushered into a bare but exquisitely clean room; the floor, the walls, the furniture — that is, the chairs and a table, there was nothing else — were all oak or oak colour, a quiet neutral tint that would have relieved pictures or flowers or any object of art, but which had a too sober shade by itself.

Miss Coppock had scarcely time to take in the general effect when the door opened, and there was Patty — Patty, so radiant in her glowing beauty that you felt at once the room had wanted her to frame with its quiet contrast; Patty dressed to perfection, both as to style and fashion, and yet with that sought simplicity of which so few English women understand the secret.

She put her arms round Patience, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"So glad to see you; so kind of you to come on so quickly."

Involuntarily Patience drew back; she looked at Patty, and their eyes met. In those deep blue lustrous eyes Miss Coppock read that her empire had departed; there was no effort even at the graciousness which pervaded the girl's manner; there was no effusion, but there was perfect repose. In that instant Patience saw that Patty had far more self-control than she could herself ever attain to, and she felt bitterly that if she meant to benefit by her apprentice's rise in life, it could be only by subservience to her wishes. She did not realize what had caused the change, she only felt it.

Poor Patience! this her last hope of ruling was over. If she meant to live in luxurious idleness, she must go back to her life of dependence. "So soon too," she said; "not six months, and the girl moves about as quietly as a born lady could. I didn't think she was half so clever." Still Patience was a woman, and she would not give in without one effort for rule.

In her letters Miss Coppock had proposed to take a lodging where Patty could receive her professors; but Patty had left the proposal unanswered.

"When are you to leave Madame Mineur's?" she said gravely.

"Not just yet, I think." Patty's tone was so calm and she smiled so bewitch-

ingly that Miss Coppock felt helpless. "You had better get yourself a lodging at once, Patience. Madame Mineur has been inquiring for some suitable apartment for you. You must have a pretty room, you know, for I mean to spend my Sundays with you."

This was an opening. "It would be far better" — Patience spoke awkwardly and stiffly; she wanted to gain her point, and yet she was afraid of offending Patty — "far better if you came at once and lived with me altogether."

She looked up quickly; she expected to see Patty toss her head and pout. Instead, the lovely lips curved into a smile, — a smile that broadened, at the growing discomfiture in her friend's face into a little musical laugh.

"Do you think so? I'm sorry to disappoint you, Patience, but at present I intend to stay here. I am very comfortable, and I am making friends. We shall see plenty of each other by and by, you know, when I take you to live with me." She paused, and looked at the dressmaker. Try as she would to check it, the blood rushed at once to Patience's face, but she managed to keep silence, and Patty went on in the same smiling, deliberate way: "I think, you know, we had better begin as we mean to go on; it is quite necessary to me to make friends of all kinds; you are my friend already, so it is waste of time to shut myself up with you."

Miss Coppock could not bear it — vanity conquered policy.

"But I could teach you so many things, Patty, and I can speak French, you know, so you would not be losing that advantage."

Patty had smiled, more quietly at first; she had rehearsed this scene beforehand, while she was expecting Miss Coppock's arrival, but she had not counted on so much resistance. The worst part of such a rehearsal as Patty's is, that we don't always consider all the provocations which may assail our self-possession, and the old spirit in the girl could not resist so good a chance of taking down her friend's conceit. For the moment she forgot her calm inflexibility: she burst out laughing.

"Yes, I listened to your French just now; I heard you speak to Victorine as you came in. I know I can't speak easily yet; but I'm really afraid I shouldn't mend my French by shutting myself up with you." She laughed again, and looked as if she expected Miss Coppock to join her. The mortified face before her might have moved pity, but Patty had made the

most of her heiress-ship at the school, and she was accustomed to universal worship from Madame Mineur and her satellites. Miss Coppock looked shabby and dowdy, and seemed to have grown horribly presuming. No, there was no pity for her in Patty's heart. She meant to be kind and useful to Miss Coppock, but she was determined to teach her at once her true position.

"I don't want any more help than I have in the way of speaking French," she said more gravely; "one of the teachers here, Madame de Mirancourt, devotes herself entirely to me out of class hours. Her father was a marquis or a duke, I really forget which" — Patty spoke loftily — "and she has been in regular grand society; she tells me all sorts of things, and she is forming me, she says. I pay her extra, of course. And then among the girls I have friends too. The other parlour boarders are very different to me, you know; they are only a pair of old maids. I like the school-girls better: there's a Miss Jane Deverell, whose mother is Lady Jane; and there's Elinor Dryden, whose uncle's quite a grand person; and they are both so fond of me. They will be quite sorry when I leave them."

"I dare say." Patience thought she had detected a weak spot in this boastfulness about grand people, and she made another effort. She must get Patty all to herself, or some of these new friends would rob her of her prize; besides, she had been Patty's absolute mistress once; she knew all the girl's secrets; surely if she tried hard enough she might re-establish her power. "But then you see, Patty, these are ladies with an assured position; just now you said yourself it was necessary for you to make friends and to be formed. Now, dear," — Miss Coppock's voice grew coaxing, — "if we took a nice suite of rooms you might invite your friends, and they would bring others, and you would soon get a little society round you, and I could be useful to you in so many ways, Patty dear."

A faint sneer curved the full red lips.

"All in good time, Patience; we have both of us something to learn first. I wish you to take French lessons, and also to learn to dress better." She kept her eyes away from Patience's face; she wanted to say all she had to say without being turned aside by pity, or the ridicule she felt for her friend's want of tact. "I must let you see Madame de Mirancourt; she is only a poor teacher, certainly, but she

always looks so nice, and she knows her place perfectly. She never volunteers an opinion unasked, and that is so nice, you know. Poor thing, she wants to get the chance you have of being my companion; but you see she is deformed, one shoulder is much higher than the other, and this has stopped her growth; she is short and insignificant; and you know, Patience" — Patty spoke quite cordially again — "you are really a striking-looking woman, and will be quite stylish when you dress better. Of course I am willing to pay all expenses. Now I'll ring and send for the address of the lodgings."

She turned away to ring the bell, and in that moment Patience's pride or else her good angel pleaded hard; told her it would be better to toil more incessantly than ever, than make herself the slave of this girl.

But even while Miss Coppock stood writhing with mortification and trying to frame a speech which should assert her independence without giving mortal offence, Patty turned round. Her lovely blue eyes were full of liquid sweetness; she was like a beautiful sunbeam. In that moment she had asked herself why she had sent for this overbearing, dull woman, so different from her gay, mocking Madame de Mirancourt, a woman she was already obliged to teach behaviour to, and the answer had come.

Patience was as clever and as useful in

her way as the Frenchwoman, far more presentable, and without any dangerous power of repartee in case of a quarrel. But Patience was also industrious and self-denying, and De Mirancourt was greedy after presents; and above all, Patience held the secret of Patty's former condition.

It seemed to the beautiful, flattered girl whose vanity had been so lavishly fed by all around her, that hardly any one would believe the story of Patty Westropp, even if Miss Patience told it; but there was the doubt, and also there was her father with his rough country manner to give weight to such an assertion. Yes, she must have a useful friend and ally, and Patience would do for the post.

"Then I will for the future consider you my companion," she said, in the petting, caressing manner she had used at first. "Your lodging bills, living, and all that of course I shall settle; and for the present and for your own personal expenses, I thought of 200 francs a month."

Victorine came in to answer the bell. Madame Mineur had sent the address for Miss Latimer, and Patience found herself driving away in the cab again before she could get resolution to refuse Patty's offer.

Why should she refuse it? at any rate for the present.

ACCORDING to the *Breslauer Zeitung* — whose authority on such matters we cannot doubt — the Imperial ukase prescribing a change of costume to the Jews in Poland has not met with as ready obedience as was expected. The long coats have, indeed, been easily disposed of; whenever the owners refused to shorten them the police obligingly took the task off their hands. The curls have undergone similar treatment. But as the myrmidons of the law are not as skilful in handling the needle as the shears, the trousers have for the most part remained as short as before. The provision exciting most resistance is that ordering the chin to be shaved; the Jews, on the other hand, venerate their beards almost as a sacred thing; they would as soon think of cutting their throats as their beards. The Warsaw police still allows the latter, shunning an application of force as apt

to produce disturbances; but in provincial towns a crusade has been opened against them. At Goica the police began the campaign by an experiment on an old man of about eighty, who was perforce spoiled of his beard in the public market-place. The old man's cries speedily attracted numbers of fellow-creedsmen anxious to rescue their Nestor. No better opportunity could have been desired. As fast as the men arrived they were seized, forced into chairs, and shaved in rather too hurried and rough a manner to be pleasant. The lamentations of the helpless victims are described as touching. The authorities are, however, mightily pleased with their success, and are said to intend adopting the same method in other towns, until the law imposed by the paternal Government shall have been everywhere complied with.

Full Mall Gazette.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE COMING RACE.*

THIS is a marvellous production: the picture it gives to the imagination is novel in the extreme, and distinguished by a certain gloomy grandeur, while the speculations in human destiny to which it gives rise are not less profound because they also seem to have taken a sombre hue from the strange world with which they are associated. There is, moreover, a mixture of jest and earnestness, of satire and of serious suggestion, in this strangely-fashioned Utopia, which, if we mistake not, will render it highly popular. Utopias are generally devised to show forth what the writer hopes, or at least desires, may at some future time be realized; at all events, the writer generally approves of his Utopians, even if he depicts them as creatures beyond the imitation of humanity. This is not altogether the case here. Sometimes the object is to show that if certain aspirations were realized, the result would be a grave disappointment. We are called upon to admire the moral character of "the coming race" — and its wisdom is sometimes brought forward to shame our folly; but at other times the fiction is made use of for the purposes of irony. Nay, even the moral character of our Utopians is shown to be obtained by the sacrifice of very much that men are accustomed to admire and delight in. We are sent back to our mixed world of good and evil, somewhat more ashamed of it, and also somewhat more contented with it. And this interchange of purpose in the writer, though it may be disagreeable and bewildering to some readers, will, upon the whole, add to the attractions of the book. For nothing more piques the curiosity than the endeavour to read the riddle which some speculative artist, be he poet or novelist, puts before us. The writer who succeeds in exciting this interest (excited to its highest degree in "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister") takes possession of us for long. In the very best of novels our suspense and curiosity must come to an end with the end of the story; but this other kind of suspense and perplexity is at its height when we close the volume, and is ready to revive whenever we open it again. There remains to us the sense of a new problem — namely, this man's solution of the old ones — which may be worth the knowing.

The coming race is, with all prosaic

people, simply our present humanity modified, and gradually growing into some better humanity. And we think it does grow in this direction. "As long as man is what he is, so long shall" — this and that detested thing remain amongst us. So runs the constantly-repeated formula. And the formula cannot be shaken. But what if man *does* change? Man does *not* remain the same from age to age, and therefore this and that detested thing may not necessarily be permanent. History displays differences as well as similarities; new modes of thinking and feeling arise and extend themselves, knowledge increases, power over nature increases, and, what is of equal importance, society comes to know itself. In the very act of learning its own history it learns to look backward on the past and forward to the future. Just as the mature human being, in whom memory is developed, moves on henceforth with recollection and anticipation, so society, awake to its own history, moves on with incessant retrospect and incessant forecasting. Given an increase of power over the forces of nature, given a diffused intelligence amongst all classes of men, — one result may be confidently predicted — namely, that the well-being of society will take up its place more and more prominently in the individual consciousness of every member of the society. The habit of thinking and acting for the good of the whole will become more and more prevalent. There will be a sense of power that good on this large scale *can* be realized; there will be a demand on all sides for its realization. And if so, will not man be other than he was? This habit of thinking, of thus identifying one's interest with the general good, is no novelty in the human species — it shall be as old as the hills if you please; but the prevalence of the habit would be a very great novelty, and would work great transformations. This is amongst the serious suggestions of the unknown and very reflective writer whom we have before us. In his Utopians this mode of thinking has become as rooted and as universal as that of self-preservation.

We all have a Utopia of some description — that is, all who are in earnest when they talk of progress. For he who urges or announces Progress will be met by the question, Progress to what? What is the goal to be reached? To this question he must have some answer. He must at least foreshadow to himself one or several definite ameliorations in the condition of mankind. It is not necessary that he should

* The Coming Race. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

frame some theory of perfectibility, or a whole new organization of society. A Utopia, which is another term for perfection—meaning by perfection the absence of all evil—is, we judge, an impossible affair. And this is just what our author aims at showing. In sober prose he would tell us, we presume, to labour for this or that improvement, but to throw away our dreams of perfectibility, if we happen to have them. He prefers, however, to teach us, not in sober prose, but in a very fanciful and ingenious fiction.

Probably most of our readers already know the nature of that fiction. It is sufficient to say that an American citizen, impelled by curiosity, and that restless thirst for change and movement which we call love of travel, visits one of the deepest mines of Europe. From the very lowest shaft still further explorations were to be made, and an adventurous engineer had returned scared and bewildered by some discovery he had fallen upon, and on which he does not trust himself to speak. Our American obtains his confidence, and offers to return with him to the spot where this bewildering vision has been revealed to him. In brief, the two men, peering down through a precipitous opening in the rock, formed by no miner's tools, but apparently by volcanic action, see a wide street lit by lamps, and hear the hum of a mighty population. Only one of them succeeds in making good his entrance into this subterranean city. We need not say it is the American. His companion the engineer blunders in his descent. With him the rope breaks, or the tackle gives way, he falls and is killed, and now one solitary man from the upper world, without possibility of return (since there is no friendly hand to throw down a second rope), has to face the unknown beings of this subterranean abode. These beings prove to be a lofty and superior race of men, deprived, indeed, of the light of the sun, but compensating this loss by marvellous discoveries and appliances of what are to us the hidden or more mysterious forces of nature. If we combined all that is known, or dreamt about, of electricity, and magnetism, and mesmerism, we should have some faint conception of the new power these underground philosophers have obtained. They call it by the name of *Vril*.

Was there no island left—no possibility of an undiscovered island left to us, in the Atlantic or the wide Pacific—that our author was compelled to hide away his Utopians in the dark caverns of the earth? If our ships have cut and traversed the

ocean in every direction, so that in no part of it can we imagine a new Tahiti, yet undiscovered, or other fortunate islands the abode of the blessed, could he not have supplied his happy race with some floating island which its marvellous inhabitants had been hitherto able to steer out of the reach of man? Or might not scientific invention have been equal to the calling up, in an emergency, of a friendly mist to shroud the happy abode, and keep it sacred from the foot of degraded and degrading races? Any effort, one thinks, should have been made, rather than deprive the most intelligent and felicitous inhabitants of our planet of their light of the sun, which is, as we understand matters, the very life of our planet. Apparently the author could not satisfy himself with any region above ground as giving the required scope for his inventions. He scoops out an immeasurable hollow in the earth; and even there, where a few adventurous divines have placed the scenes of eternal pain, he nurtures and develops a race, distinguished by moral and intellectual perfections; a race who, if ever they should break from their abode, and take possession of the sunlit surface, would sweep its present puny inhabitants into well-merited destruction. How did such an abode become peopled? Years upon years ago, some deluge, or other catastrophe, drove a portion of the human race into these subterranean parts, and it is to be presumed that this dreary and calamitous abode had been the very means to stimulate invention, and concentrate the reflective powers. The science and art of the mechanician have been carried to an inconceivable perfection; artificial lights do all that possibly can be done to make a substitute for the sun; a vegetation that can flourish without its aid is discovered, and sedulously cultivated; and above all, as we have already hinted, the more mysterious powers of nature, vaguely guessed at by us, have been penetrated, and understood, and taken full possession of. We are not to represent to ourselves these subterranean abodes as caverns so vaulted over that the inhabitants must constantly feel that there is a roof not far above their heads. The vault rises so high, or rather the floor sinks so low, in all but a few places, that the space above is practically another sky; and indeed the inhabitants, having overcome all our mechanical difficulties, and invented very admirable wings, disport themselves frequently in what to them is the upper regions of the air. To us ordinary mortals, neither wings, nor *vril* itself,

nor palaces of the most sublime architecture, could compensate for the loss of the sunlit and cloud-adorned sky, or reconcile to the eternal blackness overhead which must greet these Utopians whenever they look up from their array of lamps. The scenery of the lower world, which is sometimes spoken of in a tone of enthusiasm, must surely be of a very limited character. An illuminated city is a grand spectacle; Rome, Paris, Edinburgh, have been seen by many of us under the magical illusion of general illuminations, and very charming is the near effect of tree and fountain or overhanging rocks under a sufficiency of artificial light; but we are haunted throughout the book by the difficulty of conceiving any *distant prospect* but one which would be mainly composed of the arrangement of the lights themselves.

Never, indeed, was so gloomy or so impossible a Utopia devised. And yet, be it said, that the style in which all is described is so clear and so direct, and the imagination is so well kept in hand, that as we read on there comes over us an oppressive sense of the reality of this underground world. Before the book is closed we have become familiar with this city of lamps, radiant with the most brilliant gaslight, or toned down to mellow lustre for the hours of repose—where time is measured only by clockwork—where one equable temperature universally prevails—where all seasons are mingled, the periodicity of each plant giving to each its own winter and summer—and where, moreover, the passions of the people are calm, equable, constant, like the temperature of the air they breathe. We smile at the sense of relief and satisfaction we felt when once more our vigorous American regains the upper air, with all its sunshine and its storms, and escapes from the terrible monotony of this wise and blameless people.

And such sense of relief our author intended we should feel. He meant no real Utopia. He carries on, as we have said, two purposes somewhat conflicting. We are to admire and to study the *Ana* or *Vril-ya* (both these titles are given to this people), we are in many things to recognize our decided inferiority, and perhaps hope to benefit by their example. On the other hand, we are not to envy them their so-called perfection. We confess, at the outset, that we are not always able to decide whether the author is gravely foreshadowing some possibility in the future of human society, or whether he is simply playing with the dreams and fancies of

certain of his contemporaries. However that may be, we are now arrived at this subterranean city of the just, and must look about us with what speculation may be accorded to our somewhat strained optics. Our American traveller, advancing on the broad highway on which he finds himself, sees a structure before him recalling the massiveness of Egyptian architecture,

"And now there came out of this building a form—human;—was it human? It stood on the broad way and looked around, beheld me, and approached. It came within a few yards of me, and at the sight and presence of it an indescribable awe and tremor seized me, rooting my feet to the ground. It reminded me of symbolical images of Genius or Demon that are seen on Etruscan vases, or limned on the walls of Eastern sepulchres—images that borrow the outlines of man, and are yet of another race. It was tall, not gigantic, but tall as the tallest man below the height of giants.

"It's chief covering seemed to me to be composed of large wings folded over its breast and reaching to its knees; the rest of its attire was composed of an under tunic and leggings of some thin fibrous material. It wore on its head a kind of tiara that shone with jewels, and carried in its right hand a slender staff of bright metal like polished steel. But the face! it was that which inspired my awe and my terror. It was the face of man, but yet of a type of man distinct from our known extant races. The nearest approach to it in outline and expression is the face of the sculptured sphinx—so regular in its calm, intellectual, mysterious beauty. Its colour was peculiar, more like that of the red man than any other variety of our species, and yet different from it—a richer and a softer hue, with large black eyes, deep and brilliant, and brows arched as a semicircle. The face was beardless; but a nameless something in the aspect, tranquil though the expression, and beauteous though the features, roused that instinct of danger which the sight of a tiger or serpent arouses. I felt that this manlike image was endowed with forces inimical to man. As it drew near a cold shudder came over me. I fell on my knees and covered my face with my hands."

We have never seen the celebrated sphinx; judging from drawing and photograph, we should say that it was a poor example of intellectual beauty, or any beauty whatever; but we think we understand the terrible effect which the expression of passionless power would have on our unfortunate traveller. This being who seems man, and something more than man, bears, it will be noticed, a slender staff of some bright metal in his hand. This is the *vril-staff*. And as through the agency of *vril* much is accomplished in

the lower world, we must not omit the description of its powers. It is at once the most destructive force, and also the most potent to heal. It is all that can be imagined of electricity and mesmerism, and still something beyond.

"It can destroy like the flash of lightning; yet, differently applied, it can replenish or invigorate life, heal and preserve, and on it they chiefly rely for the cure of disease, or rather for enabling the physical organization to re-establish the due equilibrium of its natural powers, and thereby to cure itself. By this agency they rend way through the most solid substances, and open valleys for culture through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From it they extract the light which supplies their lamps, finding it steadier, softer, and healthier than the other inflammable materials they had formerly used."

This ethereal fluid, if such it may be called, may be employed in several ways, but it is chiefly made use of through the instrumentality of the *vril-staff*, which is a somewhat complicated machine.

"It is hollow, and has in the handle several stops, keys, or springs, by which its force can be altered, modified, or directed; so that by one process it destroys, by another it heals — by one it can rend the rock, by another disperse the vapour — by one it affects bodies, by another it can exercise a certain influence over minds. . . I was assured, however, that its power was not equal in all, but proportioned to the amount of certain *vril* properties in the wearer, in affinity or *rapport* with the purposes to be effected. Some were more potent to destroy, others to heal," &c.

Our traveller has soon an opportunity of experiencing this wonderful power. Descending through that jagged hole, in what we may now literally call the bottom of the mine, he had wounded himself. In the first excitement of the novel scene, and of his own danger in it, he had not felt the pain of his wound; afterwards he faints with anguish. *Vril* quickly restores him. A still more marvellous effect of the new agent follows. He is utterly ignorant of the language of the *Ana*. He is put into the mesmeric trance, and in this state both teaches *them* his own language, and learns theirs in return. After two or three of such trances, he finds himself quite able to communicate his ideas in a tongue he had never heard before. We wish there were any chance of some such mode of learning languages being introduced amongst us. Somnambulism and the trance, as we know them, have this unfortunate peculiarity, that the person affected is quite uncon-

scious when he wakes of all that passed through his brain while he was entranced. If, therefore, we were able to learn anything in a marvellously expeditious and effortless manner in our mesmerism or somnambulism, we should forget it all when we woke. We remember dreams, and people tell us that they have composed poems in their sleep, which they have afterwards written down. But the ordinary dream-state could not help us here; and those curious conditions which some have lately called by the name of unconscious cerebration, have, as we have said, this peculiarity, that nothing is remembered of them when we return to our normal condition. So that the American, if he received suggestions in any state known to us, of trance, or hypnotism, would be none the wiser for them when he came out of this state.

But *vril* could accomplish all — will explain all. Yes; but we will take this opportunity of observing that if *vril* be anything else than a real force in nature — if, in acting on the human mind or human brain, it does more than call out and exalt the powers actually there — we have no longer a philosophical romance before us, but a tale of conjuration and of magic. If the owner of the *vril-staff* may work miracles, and practise all manner of enchantments, we may as well have a chapter of the "*Arabian Nights*" to study. Whatever its potency, *vril* is supposed to be a real force in nature, and when it acts upon the brain it exalts the real powers of that organ, else our fiction degenerates into a nursery tale.

One effect of possessing so destructive an agency is, we are told, the utter cessation of war. Here we are on the known and beaten track of speculation. It has often been suggested, that the perfection of instruments of destruction would render war itself impossible. Hitherto the rifle, and all our improved artillery, have failed to produce any such effect. Human courage has risen with the rising danger. When we first heard of arms of precision which were to fire, with deadly aim, we know not how many bullets in the minute, we began to think that no soldiers could be trained to meet such destructive weapons. We have seen men in the late war march forward in the face of a perfect hail-storm of bullets; numbers fell, but the rest closed their ranks, and still marched on. It is astounding. There is absolutely no limit to what human passion will do or dare. We are not certain that the *vril-staff* itself would put an end to

war; for if this gave to each party the power of utterly exterminating the other, yet one of the two parties must be the *first* to use that power. And the strategy that enabled one of the combatants to be the first — if only by an instant — would give a most complete victory. Thus war might still be possible, — a war in which one party would be utterly exterminated.

However, amongst the *Vril-ya* war has ceased, and also all government by force. Why should the owner of a *vril-staff* fear the constable, or any number of constables? or how could you incarcerate him? There being no government that rests ultimately on force, the only alternative that remains is that between anarchy or the government of opinion. We need not say that the *Ana* chose the latter. Had they chosen anarchy they would not at this time have been in existence under the ground. Having happily come to some unanimity of opinion as to what was best for the whole community, both in the matter of positive law and magisterial authority, they had but to yield a voluntary and unhesitating obedience. They chose a chief magistrate, called a *Tur*, and his decision, wherever law has not yet spoken, is at once acquiesced in. Within the family circle, and for all that pertains to domestic life, a like authority is conceded to the father.

The most surprising thing connected with this people, and on which not a word of explanation is vouchsafed, is their unanimity on the subjects of philosophy and religion. They all believe in God and immortality; believe so firmly that these fundamental doctrines seem no longer to be discussed. All other doctrines or dogmas they dismiss from their minds — as unintelligible, or referring to questions impossible of solution. As no hint is given by what process this most desirable unity was attained, we do not feel ourselves called upon to enter on this solemn subject. We are obliged to confess that, looking at the state of opinion in the nineteenth century of the surface population of the earth, we are unable to detect any approximation to unanimity in the matter of religious belief, even on the two great doctrines here selected for an ultimate and complete triumph.

The part of the work which will probably draw most attention, is his treatment of the relation between the two sexes in this novel *Utopia*. Here we are referred to the agitation which has arisen, within the very age in which we live, for the rights of women, or their claim to share

all the professional labours, all the political functions, all the privileges and honours which have been hitherto monopolized by the men. Amongst the *Vril-ya* the woman is the stronger, the taller; she takes the lead in all departments of inquiry that are purely of a theoretical character; in science, as applied to new inventions, does she appear to be second to man. With all this, she still retains her old distinction of being the more affectionate and emotional of the two sexes, and, what is surprising, is still more obedient than when she was the weaker of the two. We presume all this is burlesque, but the burlesque is so grave and serious that we look for more coherence and consistency than we ought perhaps reasonably to expect. The rights of woman, the author thinks, can only be enforced by superior power, and therefore by some mysterious agency he has grown his *Gy* to larger proportions than the *An*. But if this solves one difficulty, it opens another. That sex which has the greatest power, mental and physical, is anxious to subordinate itself to the other; has to a quite ideal degree the qualities of fidelity and obedience. Is not this a new perplexity? In the period of courtship, we are told it is the *Gy* who always takes the initiative. It is she that woos, and wins, and makes the offer of hand and heart, and the man, or the *An*, puts on the airs of modesty and bashfulness that have been dropt by the female. Now, this last seems to us simply absurd. It is needless, perhaps, to argue against a jest; but though the woman may drop what she considers an unnecessary bashfulness or affectation, this is no reason for the man picking up her cast-off manners. Both sexes could be equally frank and equally modest. The young *An*, despite his godlike qualities, is simply made ridiculous by this exchange of parts. The *dénouement* of the story, and our traveller's return to the upper world, is brought about by the rival loves and rival courtships of two of these large-limbed and sagacious beauties.

If, after all, we are left in some doubt as to the degree of opposition our author means to represent himself as giving to the rights of woman, (for are they not established in his *Utopia* with other admitted blessings, as immunity from poverty and crime?) there is one topic, at least, on which he has made himself sufficiently clear. He is no lover of democracy. They call it *Koom-Posh* in the dialect of the *Ana*. The American, rushing forth unguardedly into eulogies of the govern-

ment of the United States, finds that he has only excited the compassion or disgust of his hearers. Aph-Lin, his host, and an An of high authority in the state, on hearing his account of the city of New York, is thrown into a painful reverie, at the end of which he solemnly entreates the stranger not to reveal to any other of his people the nature of that upper world from which he has descended. Why does Aph-Lin lay this solemn injunction upon him? Does the sage fear that his people, envying the upper world, and the United States in particular, would become restless and discontented, and forsake their paternal fields, their temperate climate, their constant and uniform illumination, and that calm and serene happiness equally constant? Alas! no; his anxiety is due to the painful reflection that if the existence of such a people on the surface of the earth were generally known, it might be held by the Vrilya to be their duty to arise, and with their omnipotent vril to exterminate such a miserable and misguided race. Aph-Lin was humane, and shrank from the performance of so awful a duty. His daughter Zee, the philosopher of the family, was aware that at some distant day her people would rise to the light of the sun, and exterminate the unworthy creatures now living under it. But she also was capable of feeling compassion; and duty to the head of the house leads her at once to acquiesce in the family decree which Aph-Lin thereupon issues, that the stranger should never be invited to speak of the upper world, or of his own nation. In private, both Aph-Lin and Zee would occasionally converse with their guest about his barbarous institutions, and that smouldering civil or social war between class and class which afflicts the inhabitants of the upper world; but they resolutely forbade him, up to the last day of his residence amongst them, to speak on these topics with others than themselves. Not in their time, and not on them, should fall, if they could prevent it, the terrible duty, one day to be accomplished, of sweeping a vain, selfish, turbulent, incorrigible race from the surface of the earth.

We must here, in justice to our author, make some extracts. Our citizen of the United States, though he grumbles a little to himself at some peculiarities of his countrymen, is too good a patriot to hint before strangers at any of their shortcomings.

favourable colours the world from which I came, I touched but slightly, though indulgently, on the antiquated and decaying institutions of Europe, in order to expatiate on the present grandeur and prospective pre-eminence of that glorious American Republic, in which Europe enviously seeks its model, and tremblingly foresees its doom. Selecting for an example of the social life of the United States that city in which progress advances at the fastest rate, I indulged in an animated description of the moral habits of New York. Mortified to see, by the faces of my listeners, that I did not make the favourable impression I had anticipated, I elevated my theme, dwelling on the excellence of democratic institutions, the promotion of tranquil happiness by the government of party, and the mode in which they diffused such happiness throughout the community by preferring for the exercise of power and the acquisition of honours the lowliest citizens in point of property, education, and character. Fortunately recollecting the peroration of a speech on the purifying influences of American democracy, and their destined spread over the world, made by a certain eloquent senator (for whose vote in the Senate a railway company, to which my two brothers belonged, had just paid 20,000 dollars), I wound up by repeating its glowing predictions of the magnificent future that smiled upon mankind — when the flag of freedom should float over an entire continent, and two hundred millions of intelligent citizens, accustomed from infancy to the daily use of revolvers, should apply to a cowering universe the doctrine of the Patriot Monroe."

It would have required in the Vrilya an intimate acquaintance with superterrestrial politics to understand and follow him, otherwise our citizen of the United States would assuredly have descanted on the double triumph over France and England which his Great Republic has lately achieved. The Emperor of France had the enlightened, and certainly the beneficent design, of assisting the unhappy Mexicans out of their perpetual anarchy, and giving them a settled government. The Great Republic forbade him — commanded him to relinquish his design. Rather anarchy in Mexico than a stable government, the gift of France. And the Emperor yielded. Could there be a more glorious instance of the power of the Republic, or of its grand defiance of what puny men call justice or equity? As to "foolish and frightened England — growing every year less and less, relatively to the increasing magnitude of the United States" — thus our American might have continued: "Look you, we had a civil war the other day, and one of the combatants made a crafty and surreptitious use of a port in that little island to fit out a

vessel of war. That vessel of war did considerable damage to the commercial marine of the other combatant. We are at peace now, and are again the United States. But do you think that our commercial men mean to sit down with their loss, or to extract compensation out of their own now fellow-citizens? Not at all. We do not go for damages against the man who beat us with this stick; we mean to extract our compensation from the owner of the wood in which this stick was craftily cut. I put the matter as I have seen it stated. And we shall succeed. It is astonishing what a Christian spirit a wholesome fear brings with it. England is teaching itself a lesson of humility, — trying to believe even that it ought to pay; at all events, is inculcating on itself the very moral doctrine that it is better to suffer from injustice than to perpetrate it — better to suffer injustice, in plain terms, than to plunge into ruin. There will soon be no justice on the face of the earth, no justice between nation and nation, but that which the Great Republic shall pronounce to be such."

But we ought not to put words in the mouth of our citizen. His own are better worth considering. On another occasion he says: —

"They" (that is, Aph-Lin and Zee) "found in my accounts — in which I continued to do all I could (without launching into falsehoods so positive that they would have been easily detected by the shrewdness of my listeners) to present our powers and ourselves in the most flattering point of view — perpetual subjects of comparison between our most civilized populations and the meaner subterranean races, which they considered hopelessly plunged in barbarism, and doomed to gradual if certain extinction. 'The most powerful,' said they, 'of all the races on our world, beyond the pale of Vrilya, esteems itself the best governed of all political societies, and to have reached, in that respect, the extreme end at which political wisdom can arrive, so that the other nations should tend more and more to copy it. It has established on its broadest base the Koom-Posh — viz., the government of the ignorant upon the principle of being the most numerous. It has placed the supreme bliss in vying with each other in all things, so that the evil passions are never in repose — vying for power, for wealth, for eminence of some kind; and in this rivalry it is horrible to hear the vituperation, the slanders, and calumnies which even the best and mildest amongst them heap on each other without remorse or shame.'"

"Some years ago," said Aph-Lin, "I visited this people, and their misery and degradation were the more appalling because they were always boasting of their felicity and grandeur as

compared with the rest of the species. And there is no hope that this people, which evidently resembles your own, can improve, because all their notions tend to further deterioration. They desire to enlarge their dominion more and more in direct antagonism to the truth that, beyond a very limited range, it is impossible to secure to a community the happiness which belongs to a well-ordered family."

No Vrilya community exceeds thirty thousand households. The state which is acknowledged to be the highest in civilization amongst them limits itself to four thousand families. Such small communities are capable of a perfect management of their affairs, and a thorough supervision. There is no strife or emulation amongst the several states, or the several members of each state. All are concerned for the public prosperity; all live the tranquil life of gods or sages. They do not affect a community of goods; would be ashamed to be constantly craving an equality of wealth. But poverty is unknown. Machinery has been brought to such perfection that domestic service is entirely dispensed with; and agriculture and manufactures can be carried on by lads and children. No one works after the age of puberty, unless to plan new inventions or to prosecute science. How do they limit, it will be asked, the number of households to the precise number that the land of the community will support? They have devised no other expedient than that which is open to the upper world, emigration — emigration conducted on a more systematic plan than with us.

"Poverty is unknown." These three words constitute the Utopia of most of us. Many would compound for this — would forego, or altogether postpone, all higher ideals, if only they could utter those three words, "Poverty is unknown." Here is the common ground of all hopeful speculators on the future of society. Men who smile at the ideals of moral and intellectual perfection of a community of sages, male and female, have taken to heart this hope, that surely a time will come when hunger, and the fear of hunger, and the squalid home, will be things of the past. We may not be all wise, or all shaped on one intellectual pattern; we may have our different churches to the last, and our different philosophies to the last, and our different tastes and characters to the last (and, perhaps, be the better for the diversity); but we may all have the conditions of health. On the vulgar business of food, clothing, and habitation, there is a sufficient unanimity

of opinion to insure some common action. Very few like dirt or suffocation, and none like cold and hunger, or the threatening prospect of them. Could the whole society be relieved of these evils, whatever else is possible to humanity might follow, and surely *this* is possible. Surely the struggle for existence is not to be carried on by reasonable beings *without any use of their reason*. Why, the first conquest men made over animals stronger than themselves was by co-operation, and when men entered upon agriculture, they had learnt to labour for the next year's provisions. There was food enough for the day, or the month, but the future want was only to be met by the present labour. We have long since passed the time when immediate suffering was the necessary stimulant for industry. The state of civilization cannot be said to be reached for all, till all men stand securely on the result of past labour, and from this position labour on, spiritedly and energetically, but self-possessed and untortured by anxiety for coming years.

Men must labour, and it is good for them that they should. What is labour but another name for activity, which, again is almost one with life itself? Let us labour with the ever-present knowledge that all depends on the strength and cunning of man's hand and brain. But the hope is this, that the past labours of man may place all on that footing of security on which they may work with intelligent forecast, and not be driven by the scourge of present want to fitful or immoderate exertion.

We think that so much of Utopia every one who talks of progress, or believes in it, may rationally adopt. The mischief begins when we think to realize this hope by some sudden change in the organization of society; or when we impart into our programme some absurd idea about *equality* of possessions. Inequality is much better. The *enough*—that is what we want for all, and what every rational man wants for himself. And let no one cavil by asking what is enough, and telling us that what one man thinks a sufficiency, another man calls by the name of poverty. Poverty used in this sense is mere slang, the conventional idiom of clubs and drawing-rooms; no one in earnest need trouble himself about a definition of poverty,—nature and certain positive facts have defined it sharply enough. It means work protracted till health fails; it means work carried on under conditions where health fails; it means food that does not sustain

health; it means a habitation where health breaks down; and it means a mind where fear and anxiety, and perhaps hatred, are the constant inmates, where knowledge has had very little chance of entering,—that is the poverty which we ought to treat as a common foe, to be driven out of the world.

We do not say that new social organizations may not arise, but they must arise peacefully; they must be such as are voluntary in their nature, such as do not require political action, political power for their introduction. To seize a man by the throat, and say, Be my brother!—we know what that comes to—just murder, and the destruction of that wealth and industry on which all depends. Even when this reliance upon a change in the organization of society abruptly introduced by political action does not lead to civil war or revolutionary violence, it still does incalculable mischief. It diverts men of all classes from the only means by which social progress can really be effected—ardent spirits, dreaming of some great abrupt change in the constitution of society, or organization of labour, neglect and despise those partial, gradual improvements which are near at hand, and which are the only safe steps to still greater changes. Sometimes an enthusiastic prevision of a new order of things is but the disguise of indolence. If from talking we descend to doing, we must do the thing that lies near us—that is, in fact, doable, and which may not be invested with any charm of romance or novelty; not utterly new constitutions of society, but a good poor-law wisely administered, a good scheme of emigration fairly carried out—benefit clubs, to secure from want in age and sickness, put on a sound basis;—humble schemes like these engage the practical philanthropist. No golden city of the just descends from heaven; we have bit by bit to reconstruct our brick and mortar, till it become something like a city of the just. And again, a vague sentiment takes possession of many, that society is to do all for them. Society is but the aggregate of individual efforts, and that co-operation which really adds to the strength of all is a co-operation consciously and knowingly chosen or participated in by the individual. He lives and moves in this social medium—lives and moves the happier; but never for a moment let it be thought that he is to be released from the responsibility of his own welfare. The co-operation of obedient automata would be a poor ideal of society.

The loss of all the vigorous impulse of what some people choose to call selfishness, would be the decay and ruin of the world. Both motives, the wellbeing of himself and the wellbeing of the community, must live together in every man, in any ideal of society which we commonplace mortals can adopt.

If civilized man has, at this present epoch, one task imposed upon him more urgent than another, or than all others put together, it is this — to wrestle with the poverty and discontent of those who are said to form the basement of our social pyramid. The movement should come from above, as well as from below. From below, it is sure to come. There is an ugly fact, which, after the late events in Paris, no man can shut his eyes to. In London, as well as in Paris, and probably in every great city of Europe, there is a *hatred* of the poor against the rich, or of one class against another; a systematic hatred, which does not embrace any one entire class, but which is making a class for itself, organizing destruction, if it can organize nothing else. You hope, perhaps, to encounter this hatred by the teaching of religion; churches and chapels, missionaries and tract societies, shall be multiplied throughout the land, and you find that this class *hates* religion — hates it *because* you have made it an instrument of government. Can any one suppose that the atheism of the Parisian Communist springs out of philosophical speculation? Let the man be sick, and (with few exceptions) he is at the foot of his priest, or burning tapers to the Virgin. But in his rude health he will slay the priest, just as he will slaughter the hapless constable (*gendarme*, or whatever name or title he bears), because he would govern and control him. Christianity ought to teach the poor patience and humility, and to some extent it does so; Christianity ought to teach the rich moderation and self-denial, and to some extent it does so. But suffering and envy — but pleasure and pride — are in the main too strong for it; eloquent and abundant preaching will avail us little; we ourselves expect to see what is left of Christianity amongst the very class we desire to control by it, turned *against* our present social system.

Let us return to our underground Utopia: we have not professed to give an exhaustive account of it, or to touch on all the topics into which it might tempt us. The reader who proceeds from this notice of the book to the book itself, will find much that will be novel to him. On some

few occasions we have refrained from comments, because we felt some doubt whether we rightly understood the drift of the author. For this reason we passed rapidly over his fanciful description of the Gy, or woman of the Coming Race. On another topic we find a like perplexity. The following description of the Darwinian hypothesis is by no means unfair; it is legitimate satire, and hardly satire: —

“ ‘ Pardon me,’ answered Aph-Lin: ‘ in what we call the Wrangling or Philosophical Period of History, which was at its height about seven thousand years ago, there was a very distinguished naturalist, who proved to the satisfaction of numerous disciples such analogical and anatomical agreements in structure between an An and a Frog, as to show that out of the one must have developed the other. They had some diseases in common; they were both subject to the same parasitical worms in the intestines; and, strange to say, the An has, in his structure a swimming bladder, no longer of any use to him, but which is a rudiment that clearly proves his descent from a frog. Nor is there any argument against this theory to be found in the relative difference of size, for there are still existent in our world Frogs of a size and stature not inferior to our own, and many thousand years ago they appear to have been still larger.’ ”

But now, what are we to understand by the next paragraph?

“ In the Wrangling Period of History, whatever one sage asserted another sage was sure to contradict. In fact, it was a maxim in that age, that the human reason could only be sustained aloft by being tossed to and fro in the perpetual motion of contradiction; and therefore another sect of philosophers maintained the doctrine that the An was not the descendant of the Frog, but that the Frog was clearly the improved development of the An.”

And ingenious arguments are brought forward to prove this theme also. Now, as no naturalist has ever held the reverse of the Darwinian hypothesis, we are at a loss to see against whom the satire is here directed. If we allowed ourselves to make a conjecture, we should say that it was a sly hit at Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, who reverse the received theories of progress, and deduce the savage from the civilized man. But it is dangerous to deal with other men's shafts. Perhaps our author only means that one of these theories was as good as the other.

We cannot say “The Coming Race” leaves us, on the whole, in a comfortable frame of mind. We have to imagine wonderful advances in arts and science, in government and morals, and, after all, we

find ourselves in a very gloomy Utopia, where *ennui* seems to reign supreme. There is a reverse side of the medal which the author turns to us, and which we have now to contemplate.

The mechanical arts flourish in this commonwealth, but the fine arts, and literature especially decay. All poetic, all philosophic literature dies out. For this people are too wise to be passionate; and as for philosophy, what it can give has been universally accepted, and where it has nothing but endless discussion to offer, it has been, once for all, abandoned;—no speculation—no doubt,—theology settled forever. In such an atmosphere how could a poet live? Poetry becomes extinct, and painting and music, deprived of their highest aim to express the strong passions of the soul, degenerate, the one into a mere copying of objects, and the other into a mere sequence or gathering together of pleasant sounds. Need we say how great and manifest is the loss to intellectual and literary excitement, by the one fact that all political strife is at an end, and that society has taken upon itself a perfect organization that no one dreams of disturbing? Aph-Lin, in answer to some expression of surprise by his American visitor on the dearth and torpor of all literature, says:—

“Do you not perceive that a literature such as you mean would be wholly incompatible with that perfection of social or political felicity at which you do us the honour to think we have arrived? We have at last, after centuries of struggle, settled into a form of government with which we are content, and in which, as we allow no differences of rank, and no honours are paid to administrators distinguishing them from others, there is no stimulus given to individual ambition. No one would read works advocating theories that involved any political or social change, and therefore no one writes them. If, now and then, an An feels himself dissatisfied with our tranquil mode of life, he does not attack it; he goes away. Thus all that part of literature which relates to speculative theories on society is become utterly extinct. Again, formerly there was a vast deal written respecting the attributes and essence of the All-Good, and the arguments for and against a future state; but now we all recognize two facts,—that there is a Divine Being, and that there is a future state; and we all equally agree that if we wrote our fingers to the bone, we could not throw any light upon the nature and conditions of that future state, or quicken our apprehensions of the attributes and essence of that Divine Being. Thus another part of literature has become also extinct, happily for our race; for in the times when so much was written on subjects which no one could determine, people

seemed to live in a perpetual state of quarrel and contention.”

What is still more to the purpose, and must have a still greater influence in extinguishing theological controversy, is this, that the Ana are all wise and virtuous—such has become the habit of their souls; reason and habit have determined this for them. They therefore do not require, in their future state, to discriminate between the place of felicity and the place of punishment. There are no Ana to occupy the latter, or to be governed by the perpetual terrors of it. The presumed necessity to find in religion not a faith only for the individual soul, but a government for society, is one main cause of that intense interest, that heat and animosity, which distinguish theological controversy. There is the dogmatism of authority on the one hand, and the heresy of rebellion on the other.

Mere novelty has no attraction for the Ana; the new book, simply because it is new, would have no readers. Nor does any one write from a motive so puerile as the love of fame or distinction. Science alone is cultivated persistently.

“‘The motive to science,’ says Aph-Lin, ‘is the love of truth apart from all consideration of fame; and science with us, too, is devoted almost solely to practical uses, essential to our social conservation and the comforts of our daily life. No fame is asked by the inventor, and none is given to him; he enjoys an occupation congenial to his tastes, and needing no wear and tear of the passions. . . . Painting is an amusement to many, but the art is not what it was in former times, when the great painters in our various communities vied with each other for the prize of a golden crown, which gave them a social rank equal to that of the kings under whom they lived. You will thus doubtless have observed in our archaeological department how superior in point of art the pictures were several thousand years ago. Perhaps it is because music is, in reality, more allied to science than it is to poetry, that, of all the pleasurable arts, music is that which flourishes the most amongst us. Still, even in music, the absence of stimulus in praise or fame has served to prevent any great superiority of one individual over another: and we rather excel in choral music, with the aid of our vast mechanical instruments, in which we make great use of the agency of water, than in single performers. We have had scarcely any original composer for some ages. Our favourite airs are very ancient in substance, but have admitted many complicated variations by inferior though ingenious musicians.’”

When Alph-Lin describes music as more

allied to science than to poetry, we presume he speaks as one of the Ana. Have we here predicted for us that "music of the future" in which melody and pathos are despised, and of which some snatches have already greeted our distressed and unprepared organs?

But not only must literature, and the fine arts, and all emotional thinking, decay and subside in this constantly wise and temperate community, but life itself seems to stagnate. When we have got to the end of our progress, when we have accomplished all that we have set our hearts upon, when we have all become good and reasonable, suddenly, one is aware that there is a want of movement, a want of passion, a want of life itself. Was some portion or some degree of what we call evil necessary as a stimulant? Taking society as a whole, can we altogether dispense with our hot-headed fools and our crafty knaves? If equality of wealth would lead to no very desirable result, so, in like manner, equality of intelligence and perfect accord in the moral sentiments might disappoint us. Presuming them to be attainable, they might not produce the happiness expected from them.

Is it not true that the complete ideal of a human society includes the element of progress? And if so, it cannot be that state in which there is no improvement left us to desire. If it be objected that surely we cannot look forward to an infinite progress, the answer is very near at hand. Has terrestrial man an infinity to fill and occupy? "The sun himself must die,"—so sang the poet, and the speculative astronomer repeats the melancholy prediction. If matter itself is eternal, no form that matter assumes can be pronounced to be eternal. Stars and planetary systems have, it is strongly suspected, their season of birth and their period of dissolution.

Let us hear the last reflections of our American before he is released from the prison of this Utopia, to rejoice again in the bright and windy regions of the upper world, full of sunshine—sometimes, too, of storm:—

"The virtuous and peaceful life of the people, which, while new to me, had seemed so holy a contrast to the contentions, the passions, the vices of the upper world, now began to oppress me with a sense of dulness and monotony. Even the serene tranquility of the lustrous air preyed on my spirits. I longed for a change, even to winter, or storm, or darkness. I began to feel that, whatever our dreams of perfectibility, our restless aspirations towards a better, and higher, and calmer sphere of being, we, the

mortals of the upper world, are not trained or fitted to enjoy for long the very happiness of which we dream or to which we aspire.

"Now, in this social state of the Vrilya, it was singular to mark how it contrived to unite and to harmonize into one system nearly all the objects which the various philosophers of the upper world have placed before human hopes as the ideals of a Utopian future. It was a state in which war, with all its calamities, was deemed impossible,—a state in which the freedom of all and each was secured to the uttermost degree, without one of those animosities which make freedom in the upper world depend on the perpetual strife of hostile parties. Here the corruption which debases democracies was as unknown as the discontents which undermine the thrones of monarchies. Equality here was not a name; it was a reality. Riches were not persecuted, because they were not envied. Here those problems connected with the labours of a working class, hitherto insoluble above ground, and above ground conducing to such bitterness between classes, were solved by a process the simplest—a distinct and separate working class was dispensed with altogether. . . . The vices that rot our cities, here had no footing. Amusements abounded, but they were all innocent. . . . Love existed, and was ardent in pursuit, but its object once secured was faithful. . . . Lastly, among the more important characteristics of the Vrilya, as distinguished from our mankind—lastly, and most important on the bearings of their life and the peace of their commonwealths, is their universal agreement in the existence of a merciful, beneficent Deity, and of a future world to the duration of which a century or two are moments too brief to waste upon thoughts of fame and power and avarice; while with that agreement is combined another—viz., since they can know nothing as to the nature of that Deity beyond the fact of His supreme goodness, nor of that future world beyond the fact of its felicitous existence, so their reason forbids all angry disputes on insoluble problems. Thus they secure for that state in the bowels of the earth what no community ever secured under the light of the stars—all the blessings and consolations of a religion without any of the evils and calamities which are engendered by strife between one religion and another.

"It would be, then, utterly impossible to deny that the state of existence among the Vrilya is thus, as a whole, immeasurably more felicitous than that of super-terrestrial races, and, realizing the dreams of our most sanguine philanthropists, almost approaches to a poet's conception of some angelical order. And yet, if you would take a thousand of the best and most philosophical of human beings you could find in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, or even Boston, and place them as citizens in this beatified community, my belief is, that in less than a year they would either die of ennui, or attempt some revolution by which they would

militate against the good of the community, and be burnt into cinders at the request of the Tur."

This passage is suggestive of many reflections. Perhaps we cannot do better than leave our readers here to the meditation it excites. We leave them face to face with a very clever book. After the extracts we have given, it will be needless to deal largely in the language of praise. We are certain that it will be very extensively and very admiringly read.

But as all authors, even reviewers, have ever a *one word more* to say, we would, *apropos* of this final passage, suggest just this one consideration. Although a citizen of the United States, or an English squire, or even a German professor, might find such a Utopia as is here described, whether under ground or above ground, or in the third heavens, very dull and oppressive, flat, stale, and unprofitable, it does not follow that the natives bred and nurtured in their serene homes, would experience any such weariness or dissatisfaction. Civilized life itself requires a training, and we may well suppose that

this highly-cultivated condition would be acceptable to those only whose sentiments and habits have, in fact, been harmonized to and by the society they live in. A savage, captured and decently clad and taught good manners to boot, shall, when the opportunity occurs, fling off his tight-fitting garments and all the conventionalities of which he seemed to be very proud, and betake himself to the jungle, or his canoe, or his miserable hut, and enter once more on his old perilous and terrible struggle for existence. What we, who call ourselves philanthropists or progressionists, or by some other flattering title, have evidently to do, is this: we have to labour for some definite and unmistakable improvement. We cannot altogether foresee that future *whole* which may be the outcome of many such accomplished purposes; but we may rely on this, that at each stage society will model the individual to live in the new medium, and probably fit him to labour still further, and ever further, for this or that advance in knowledge, or in art, or social habitude.

HERE is a curious note illustrating the position of an unsuccessful artist in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, likewise how many churches have been villainously bedaubed. It is an extract from "A Cater-Character," a series of sketches of "characters," attributed to Richard Brathwait, author, among countless other works, of "Barnabee's Journal." This is a part of the "character" of a "painter":—"If he bee of no frequent custome, hee trudgeth with a trusse of colours on his back downe to the country; where most humbly complaining, hee prostrates his art and industry at the feet of a most vigilant churchwarden, by whose wisdom if he be entertained, that the church may be beautified, and his intolerable art discovered; he belardes the walles with most monstrous false English; for which, if at any time he receive reproofe, hee returnes this answer; He could paint better but the country will not be at the charge of good English. And if you seriously aske him, where hee had those sentences, hee will with no lesse impudence than prophanesne tell you, they are foolish conceits of his owne. Now and then he is employed at funerals, which he performeth most pittingly. His unoyld colours fall off like other mourners; his horse-gold displays the integrity of the artist. If hee be so ambitious as to fixe his lamentable eley on the hearse, his leane lines fall so flat, and cloze with such unjoynted cadencies as they ever redownd to his shame. But in these, as they are a sphære too high for his employement, he is

rarely vers'd. My lord maior's day is his jubile, if any such inferiour artist be admitted to so serious a solemnity; if not, countrey presentments are his preferment; or else he bestows his pencill on an aged peece of decayed canvas in a sooty ale-house, where Mother Red Cap must be set out in her colours. Here hee and his barny hostesse draw both together, but not in like nature; she in ayle, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which hee meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a signe, and desire to have her birch pole pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one; which he performs so poorly, as none that sees it but would take it for a signe hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had before they can agree what signe must be rear'd. A meere-maide, sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A lyon, sayes he, for that's the only signe that he can make. And this he forms so artlessly, as it requires his expression *This is a lyon*. Which old Ellenor Ramming, his tap-dame, denies, saying *It should have beene a meere-maid*. Now and then he turnes rover, and bestowes the height of his art on archers stakes. Sundry whimzies hee has in his head, but of all others there is none that puzzles him so much as this one: hee has a speciall handsome master-peece (for so he termes her) and is so jealous of her as when any one inquires for his picture, hee simply mistakes himselfe, and shewes them Actæon," &c.

Athenæum.

CHAPTER VIII.

HANNAH's first feeling on discovering her brother-in-law's absence was intense relief. Then, as she sat over the solitary breakfast-table, there came unto her an uneasiness akin to fear. He had done exactly what she had not done; what, in spite of her first instinctive wish, she had decided was unwise and cowardly to do—he had run away.

From what? From the scandal? But since it was all false, and they innocent, what did it matter? Could they not live it down? Dreadful as things had appeared in the long watches of the night, in that clear light of morning, and with the touch of her darling's arm still lingering about her neck, Hannah felt that she could live it down. Perhaps he could not, perhaps he was afraid—and a cold shiver crept over her—a conviction that he was afraid.

In the sick friend she did not quite believe. She knew all Bernard's affairs—knew that though he had an old college companion ill in London, it was no friend close enough to take him suddenly and compulsorily from all his duties—he who so hated going from home. Yes, he must have gone on her account, and in consequence of what happened last night. Her first impulse of relief and gratitude sank into another sort of feeling. He had certainly run away, leaving her to fight the battle alone. That is, if he meant them to fight it out. If not, if he wished her to leave him, in his absence he would perhaps take the opportunity of telling her so.

For not yet—not even yet—did that other solution of the difficulty suggest itself to Hannah's mind. Had she looked at the sweet, grave face reflected in the mirror opposite, had she heard the patient tender voice which answered Rosie's infantile exactions—for she had gone and fetched the child, as usual, after breakfast—the truth would at once have occurred to her—concerning any other woman. But it did not concerning herself; or only in that form—a rather sad, but perfectly safe one—not that her brother-in-law was growing fond of her, but that she was growing fond of him; fond enough to make his marriage, or any other catastrophe which should part them, not so indifferent to her as it once had been.

But still this was only affection. Hannah had never had a brother, her nearest approach to the tie having been her cousin Arthur, who from his extreme gentleness and delicacy of health was less like a

brother than a sister—ay, even after he had changed into a lover. Now, when not one spark of passion, only sacred tenderness, was mixed up with the thought of him, his memory was less that of a man than an angel. In truth, only since she had lived with Mr. Rivers had Hannah found out what it was to associate with a real man, at once strong and tender, who put a woman in her right place by conscientiously taking his own with regard to her, and being to her at once a shelter and a shield.

Poor Hannah! she had grown so accustomed now to be taken care of, that she felt if fate thrust her out into the bitter world again, she should be as helpless as one of those little fledglings about whom, in the intervals of her meditations, she was telling Rosie a pathetic story. And when Rosie said, "Poor 'ittle dicky-birds!" and looked quite sad, then, seeing Aunt Hannah look sad too—alas! not about "dicky-birds"—burst into the sympathetic sobbing of her innocent age, Aunt Hannah's heart felt like to break.

It would have broken many a time that day, but for the blessed necessity of keeping a bright face before the child. Ay, even though sometimes there occurred to her, with a refined self-torture, the thought of what she should do if Mr. Rivers sent her away without Rosie. But she did not seriously fear this—he could not be capable of such cruelty. If he were—why, Aunt Hannah was quite capable of—something else which he might not exactly like, and which perhaps the unpleasant English law might call child-stealing. And she remembered a story, a true story, of an aunt who had once travelled from England to America, and there fairly kidnapped from some wicked relations her dead sister's child; pretended to take it out for a walk, and fled over snow and through forests, travelling by night and hiding by day, till she caught the New York steamer, and sailed, safe and triumphant, for English shores.

"As I would sail, for Australia or America, any day, if he drives me to it. Oh, Rosie! you little know what a desperate woman Tannie could be made!"

And Rosie laughed in her face, and stroked it, and said, "Good Tannie, pretty Tannie!" till the demon sank down, and the pure angel that always seems to look out of baby-eyes comforted Hannah in spite of herself. No one can be altogether wretched, for long together, who has the charge of a healthy, happy, loving little child.

Sunday came, but Mr. Rivers did not return; sending as substitute in his pulpit an old college chum, who reported that he had left London for Cambridge, and was staying there in his old college; at which Lady Rivers expressed herself much pleased.

"He shuts himself up far too much at home, which would be natural enough if he had a wife; but for a man in Bernard's circumstances is perfectly ridiculous. I hope he will now see his mistake, and correct it."

Hannah answered nothing. She knew she was being talked at, as was the habit of the Moat House. Her only protection was not to seem to hear. She had, as he desired, taken Bernard's message to his family, even showing the letter, and another letter she got from him respecting Mr. Hewlett the clergyman, also evidently meant to be shown. Indeed, he wrote almost daily to her about some parish business or other, for Hannah had become to him like her lost sister — his "curate in petticoats." But every letter was the briefest, most matter-of-fact possible, beginning "My dear sister," and ending "your affectionate brother." Did he do this intentionally, or make the epistles public intentionally? She rather thought so. A wise, kind precaution; and yet there is something painful and aggravating in any friendship which requires precautions.

Day after day Hannah delivered her brother-in-law's message and transacted his business, speaking and looking as calmly as if she were his mere *locum tenens*, his faithful "curate," as if her throat were not choking and her hands trembling, with that horrible lie of Dixon's ever present to her mind. She tried to find out whether it had ever reached others' minds, whether there was any difference in the way people glanced at her or addressed her; but beyond a certain carelessness, with which she was usually treated at the Moat House when Mr. Rivers was not present, and a slight coldness in other houses, which might or might not have been her own morbid fancy, she discovered nothing.

The clergyman sent by Bernard being of no imposing personality, or high worldly standing, but only just a poor "coach" at Cambridge, was not invited to stay at the Moat House; so Miss Thelluson had to entertain him herself till Monday. It was an easy task enough; he was very meek, very quiet, and very full of admiration of Mr. Rivers, concerning whose col-

lege life he told Hannah stories without end. She listened with an interest strangely warm and tender. For the tales were all to his credit, and proved him to have been then as now — a man who, even as a young man, was neither afraid of being good nor ashamed of being amiable. They made her almost forgive herself for another fact which had alarmed and startled her — that she missed him so much.

People of Hannah's character, accustomed of sad necessity to stand alone, until self-dependent solitude becomes second nature, do not often "miss" other people. They like their friends well enough, are glad to meet and sorry to part; but still no ordinary parting brings with it that intense sense of loss of which Hannah was painfully conscious now her brother-in-law was away. She had thought the child was enough company, and so Rosie was in daylight hours; the little imperious darling who ruled Aunt Hannah with a rod of iron except when Aunt Hannah saw it was for the child's good to govern her, when she turned the tables with a firm gentleness that Rosie never disobeyed. But after Rosie had gone to bed, the blank silence which seemed to fall upon the house was indescribable.

Oh, the lonely tea-table! — for she had abolished seven-o'clock dinners; oh, the empty drawing-room, with its ghostly shadows and strange noises! The happy home felt as dreary as Bernard must have found it after poor Rosa died. In the long hours of evening solitude, Hannah's thoughts, beaten back by the never-ceasing business of the day, returned in battalions, attacking her on every weak side, often from totally opposite sides, so that she retired worsted to her inner self — the little secret chambers which her soul had dwelt in ever since she was a child! Yet even there was no peace now. Bernard had let himself into her heart, with that wonderful key of sympathy which he so well knew how to use, and even in her deepest and most sacred self she was entirely her own no more. Continually she wanted him — to talk to, to argue with, to laugh with, nay, even to laugh at sometimes. She missed him everywhere, in everything, with the bitter want of those who, having lived together for many months, come inevitably, as was before said, either to dislike one another excessively, or — that other alternative which is sometimes the most fatal of the two — to love one another. Such love has a depth and passion to which common feelings can no more be compared

than the rolling of a noisy brook to the solemn flow of a silent river, which bears life or death in its waveless but inexorable tide.

Ay, it was life or death. Call affection by what name you will, when it becomes all-absorbing it can, in the case of persons not akin by blood, lead but to one result, the love whose right end is marriage. When Hannah, as her brother-in-law's continued absence gave her more time for solitary reflection than she had had for many months, came face to face with the plain fact, how close they had grown, and how necessary they were to one another, she began, startled, to ask herself, if this so-called sisterly feeling were really sisterly? What if it were not? What if she had deceived herself, and that sweet, sad, morning dream which she had thought protected her from all other dreams of love and marriage, had been, after all, only a dream, and this the reality? Or would it have grown into such, had she and Bernard met as perfect strangers, free to fall in love and marry as strangers do?

"Suppose we had — suppose such a thing had been possible," thought she. And then came a second thought. Why was it impossible? Who made it so — God or man?

Hannah had hitherto never fairly considered the matter, not even when Grace's misery brought it home. With her natural dislike to what she called "walking through muddy water," she had avoided it, as one does avoid any needlessly unpleasant thing. Now, when she felt herself turning hot and cold at every new idea which entered her mind, and beginning to think of her brother-in-law — not at all as she was wont to think, the question came startlingly — was she right or wrong in so doing? For she was one of those women after the type of Jeanie in "Auld Robin Gray," to whom the mere fact —

"I daurna think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin,"

was the beginning and end of everything.

But was it a sin? Could she find anything in the Bible to prove it such? She took down a "Concordance," and searched out all the texts which bore upon the subject, but found none, except that prohibition adduced once by Mrs. Dixon — "Thou shalt not take a wife to her sister in her lifetime" — of which the straightforward, natural interpretation was that, consequently, it might be done after her death.

Right or wrong — that, as Mr. Rivers had more than once half satirically told

her, was, in all things, the sole question in Hannah's mind. As for the social and legal point — lawful marriage — that, she knew, was impossible; Bernard had said so himself. But was the love which desired marriage — absolute love, as distinguished from mere affection — also a sin? If it should spring up in her heart — of his she never thought — should she have to smother it down as a wicked thing?

That was her terror, and that alone. The rest, and whatever it must result in, was mere misery; and Hannah was not afraid of misery, only of sin. Yet, when day after day Bernard's absence lengthened, and except these constant business letters she had no personal tidings whatever from him, there grew in her mind a kind of fear. The house felt so empty without him, that she sometimes caught herself wondering how he managed without her — who brought him his hat and gloves and arranged his daily memoranda — for, like most other excellent men, he was a little disorderly, and very dependent upon the women about him. Who would take care of him and see that he had the food he liked, and the warm wraps he required? All these thoughts came continually back upon Hannah, in a piteously human, tender shape, quite different from that dim dream-love, that sainted remembrance of her lost Arthur. He was not a man, like Bernard, helpless even while helpful, requiring one woman's whole thought and care — he was an angel among the angels.

That power which every good man has to turn all his female ministrants into slaves, by being himself the very opposite of a tyrant; who can win from all household hearts the most loyal devotion, because exacting none — this, the best prerogative and truest test of real manhood, was Bernard's in a very great degree. It was, as Hannah had once innocently told him, a blessing to live with him, he made other people's lives so bright. She had no idea how dark the house could be till he was gone — till, day after day slipping by, and he not returning, it settled itself for the time into a house without a master, a solar system without a sun.

When she recognized this, the sense of her fast-coming fate darkened down upon Hannah. She was not a young girl, to go on deceiving herself to the end; nay, hers was the kind of nature that cannot deceive itself if it would. During the first week of Bernard's absence she would have almost gone wild sometimes, but for the strong conviction — like poor Grace's,

alas! — that she had done nothing wrong, and the feeling, still stronger, that she could always bear anything which only harmed herself.

Then she had the child. In all that dreadful time, which afterwards she looked back upon as a sort of nightmare, she kept Rosie always beside her. Looking in her darling's face — the little fragile flower which had blossomed into strength under her care, the piece of white paper upon which any careless hand might have scribbled anything, to remain indelible through life — then Aunt Hannah took heart even in her misery. She *could* have done no wrong, since, whatever happened to herself, she had saved by coming to Easterham, the child.

On the second Saturday of Mr. Rivers's absence, Hannah was sitting on the floor with Rosie in the drawing-room, between the lights. It had been a long, wet, winter day, and had begun with a perplexing visit from the churchwarden, wanting to know if the vicar had come home, and, if not, what must be done for Sunday. Hannah had had no letter, and could not tell; could only suggest that a neighbouring clergyman might probably have to be sent for, and arrange who it should be. And the vexed look of the old churchwarden — a respectable farmer — a certain wonder he showed at his principal's long absence — “so very unlike our parson” — together with a slight incivility to herself, which Hannah, so fearfully observant now, fancied she detected in his manner, made her restless and unhappy for hours after. Not till she had Rosie beside her, and drank of the divine lethe-cup which infant hands always bring, did the painful impression subside. Now, in the peace of firelight within, and a last amber gleam of rainy sunset without, she and Rosie had the world all to themselves; tiny fingers curled tightly round hers, with the sweet, imperative “Tannie, tum here!” and a little blue and white fairy held out its mushroom-like frock, with “Rosie dance, Tannie sing!” And Tannie did sing, with a clearness and cheerfulness long foreign to her voice; yet she had had a sweet voice when she was a girl. When this, her daily business of delight, came, the tempting spirits, half angel, half demon, which had begun to play at hide-and-seek through the empty chambers of poor Hannah's heart, fled away, exorcised by that magic spell which heaven gives to every house that owns a child.

She was sitting there, going through “Mary, Mary, quite contrary,” “Banbury

Cross,” the history of the young gentleman who “put in his thumbs and pulled out the plums,” with other noble nursery traditions, all sung to tunes composed on the spot, in that sweet, clear soprano which always made Rosie put up her small fingers with a mysterious “Hark! Tannie's singing!” when a ring came to the door-bell.

Hannah's heart almost stopped beating. Should she fly? Then there was a familiar voice in the hall, and Rosie shrieked out in an ecstasy, “Papa come! papa come!” Should she hide? Or should she stay, with the child beside her, a barrier against evil eyes and tongues without, and miserable thoughts within? Yes, that was the best thing, and Hannah did it.

Mr. Rivers came in; and, shaking hands with his sister-in-law, took his little girl in his arms. Rosie clung to him in an ecstasy of delight. She, too, had not forgotten papa.

“I thought she would forget,” he said. “Baby memories are short enough.”

“But Rosie is not a baby; and papa has only been away eleven days.”

Eleven days! — then he would know she had counted them. As soon as the words were uttered, Hannah could have bitten her tongue out with shame.

But no; he did not seem to notice them, or anything but his little girl. He set Rosie on his lap, and began playing with her, but fitfully and absently. He looked cold, pale, ill. At last he said, in a pathetic kind of way —

“Hannah, I wish you would give me a glass of wine. I am so tired.”

And the eyes which were lifted up to hers for a minute, had in them a world of weariness and sadness. They drove out of Hannah's mind all thoughts of how and why she and he had parted, and what might happen now they met, and threw her back into the old domestic relationship between them. She took out her keys, got him food and drink, and watched him take both, and revive after them, with almost her old pleasure. Nay, she scarcely missed the old affectionate “Thank you, Hannah, you are so good,” — which never came.

Presently, when Rosie, growing too restless for him, was dismissed with the customary “Do take her, Aunt Hannah, nobody can manage her but you,” Hannah carried the little one to bed, and so disappeared, not a word or look having been exchanged between them except about the child. Still, as she left him sitting in his arm-chair by his own fireside, which

he said he found so "cosie," she, like little Rosie, was conscious of but one feeling — gladness that papa was come home.

At dinner, too, how the whole table looked bright, now that the master's place was no longer vacant! Hannah resumed hers; and, in spite of the servants' haunting eyes and greedy ears, on the watch for every look and word that passed between these two innocent sinners, there was a certain peace and content in going back to the old ways once more.

When they were left alone together, over dessert, Mr. Rivers looked round the cheerful room, saying, half to himself, "How comfortable it is to be at home!" and then smiled across the table to her, as if saying mutely what he had said in words a hundred times, that it was she who made his home so comfortable. And Hannah smiled in return, forgetting everything except the pleasantness of having him back again — the pure delight and rest in one another's society, which are at the root of all true friendship, all deep love. They did not talk much, indeed talking seemed dangerous; but they sat a long time in their opposite seats as they had sat day after day for so many months, trying to think, feel, and speak the same as heretofore.

But it was in vain. In this, as in all false positions, the light once admitted could never again be hidden from; the door once opened could never be shut.

Mr. Rivers proposed going to the drawing-room at once. "I want to talk to you; and here the servants might be coming in."

Hannah blushed violently, and then hated herself for doing so. Why tremble because he "wanted to talk to her?" such a common occurrence, — a bit of their every-day life; which went on, and must go on, externally, just the same as before.

So she rose, and they went into the drawing-room.

It was the prettiest room in the house; full of everything that a man of taste and refinement could desire, in order to make — and it does help to make — a happy home. Yet the master of it looked round with infinite sadness in his eyes, as if it gave him no pleasure, as if he hardly saw it.

"Hannah," he said at last, when they had gone through the form of tea, and she had taken her work — another empty form, for her hands shook so she could hardly thread her needles — "Hannah, I had better not put off my business with you — my message to you, rather. You must

understand I fulfil it simply as a matter of duty. I hope you will not be offended?"

"I offended?"

"You ought not to be, I think, in any case. No lady should take offence because an honest man presumes to love her. But I may as well speak out plainly. My friend Morecomb —"

"Oh, is it that matter again? I thought I was to hear no more of it."

"You never would have done from me, but circumstances have altered a little, and I have been overborne by the opinion of others."

"What others?"

"Lady Rivers" (Hannah started angrily). "To her, wisely or foolishly, Morecomb has appealed; and, by her advice, has again written to me. They both put it to me that it is my duty, as your brother-in-law, once more to lay the matter before you, and beg you to reconsider your decision. His letter — which I do not offer to show you, for he might not like it, and, besides, there are things said in it to myself which none but a very old friend would venture to say — his letter is thoroughly straightforward, manly, and generous. It makes me think, for the first time, that he is almost worthy of you. In it he says — may I repeat to you what he says?"

Hannah bent her head.

"That his conviction of your worth and his attachment to yourself is such, that if you will only allow him to love you he shall be satisfied, and trust to time for the rest. He entreats you to marry him at once, and let him take you from Easterham, and place you in the position which, as his wife, you would of course have, and which he knows — we all know — you would so worthily fill."

Bernard had said all this like a person speaking by rote, repeating carefully and literally all that he had before planned to say, and afraid of committing himself by the alteration of a word. Now he paused, and waited for an answer.

It came not.

"He desires me to tell you that, besides the rectory, he has a good private income; that his two daughters are both married; and that, in case of his death, you will be well provided for. It is a pleasant parish and a charming house. You would have a peaceful home, away, and yet not very far away, from Easterham. You might see Rosie every week —"

Here Hannah turned slowly round, and for the first time Bernard saw her face.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What have I done? I meant no harm — Morecomb meant no harm."

"No," she answered, in a hard dry tone. "He meant — I quite understand it, you see, and, since I understand it, why should I not speak of it? — he meant to stop the mouths of Easterham by marrying me, and taking me away from your house. He is exceedingly kind — and you also."

"I? — oh, Hannah! — I?"

"Why distress yourself? Do I not say you are exceedingly kind?"

But she seemed hardly to know what she was saying. Her horrible, humiliating position between her brother-in-law and her brother-in-law's friend, the one having unwillingly affixed the stain upon her name, which the other was generously trying to remove, burst upon her with an agony untold.

"Why did I ever come here? Why were you so cruel as to ask me to come here? I came in all innocence. I knew nothing. You, a man, ought to have known."

He turned deadly pale.

"You mean to say I ought to have known that, although the law considers you my sister, you are not my sister, and our living together as we do would expose us to remarks such as James Dixon made the other night. Most true; I ought to have known. Was that all? or did you mean anything more than that?"

"Nothing more. Is not that enough? Oh, it is dreadful — dreadful for an innocent woman to have to bear!"

And her self-control quite gone, Hannah rocked herself to and fro, in such a passion of grief as she had never let any one witness in her since she was a child. For, indeed, woman as she was, she felt weak as a child.

But the man was weaker still. Once — twice, he made a movement as if he would dart across the hearth to where she sat; but restrained himself, and remained motionless in his seat — attempting no consolation. What consolation could he give? It was he himself who had brought this slander upon her — how cruel and how widespread it was he by this time knew, even better than she.

"Hannah," he said, after a little, "we are neither of us young people, to take fright at shadows. Let us speak openly together, as if we were two strangers, viewing the case of two other strangers, placed in the same relation together as ourselves."

"Speak? how can I speak? I am utterly helpless, and you know it. Lady Rivers knows it too; and so, doubtless, does Mr. Morecomb. Perhaps, after all, I should be wisest to accept his generous offer and marry him."

Bernard started, and then composed himself into the same formal manner with which he had conducted the whole conversation.

"Yes, in a worldly point of view, it would be wise; I, speaking as your brother-in-law, am bound to tell you so. I wish to do my duty by you; I have no right to allow my own or my child's interest to stand in the way of your happiness." He paused. "I wish you to be happy — God knows I do!" He paused again. "Then — what answer am I to give to Morecomb? Am I to tell him to come here and speak for himself?"

"No!" Hannah burst out vehemently. "No — a thousand times no! My heart is my own, and he has not got it. If I were a beggar starving in the streets, or a poor wretch whom everybody pointed the finger at — as perhaps they do — I would not marry Mr. Morecomb."

A strange light came into Bernard's eyes.

"That's Hannah! There speaks my good, true Hannah! I thought she had gone away, and some other woman come in her place. Forgive me! I did my duty! but oh! it was hard! I am so glad, so glad!"

He spoke with his old, affectionate, boyish impulsiveness; he was still exceedingly boyish in some things, and perhaps Hannah liked him the better for it — who knows? Even now a faint smile passed over her lips.

"You ought to have known me better. You ought to have been sure that I would not marry any man without loving him. And I told you long ago that I did not love Mr. Morecomb."

"You did; but people sometimes change their minds. And love comes, we know not how. It begins — just a little seed, as it were — and grows, and grows, till all of a sudden we find it a full-grown plant, and we cannot root it up, however we try."

He spoke dreamily, and as if he had forgotten all about Mr. Morecomb, then sat down and began gazing into the fire with that dull apathetic look so familiar to Hannah during the early time of her residence there, when she knew him little, and cared for him less; when, if any one had told her there would come to her such a

day as this day, when every word of the sentence he had just uttered would fall on her heart like a drop of burning lead, she would have pronounced it impossible — ridiculously impossible. Yet she was true then — true now — to herself and to all others; perfectly candid and sincere. But would the world ever believe it? Does the world, so ready to find out double or interested motives, ever believe in conscientious turncoats, righteous renegades? Yet there are such things.

After awhile Mr. Rivers suddenly aroused himself.

"I am thinking of other matters, and forgetting my friend. I had better put the good man out of his pain by telling him the truth at once, had I not, Hannah?"

"Certainly."

"Your decision is quite irrevocable?"

"Quite."

"Then we need say no more. I will write the letter at once."

But that seemed not so easily done as said. After half an hour or more he came back with it unfinished in his hand.

"I hardly know how to say what you wish me to say. A mere blank No, without any reasons given. Are there none which could make the blow fall lighter? Remember, the man loves you, Hannah, and love is a precious thing."

"I know it is, when one has love to give back; but I have none. Not an atom."

"Why not? I beg your pardon — I ought not to ask — I have not the slightest right to ask. Still, as I have sometimes thought, a woman seldom lives thirty years without — without some sort of attachment."

Hannah became much agitated. Rosa, then, had kept sisterly faith, even towards her own husband. Mr. Rivers evidently knew nothing about Arthur; had been all along quite unaware of that sad but sacred story, which Hannah thought sheltered her just as much as widow's weeds might have done.

She hesitated, and then, in her misery, she clung to the past as a kind of refuge from the present.

"I thought you knew it," she answered

very slowly and quickly; "I thought Rosa had told you. If it will lessen his pain, you may tell Mr. Morecomb that once I was engaged to be married to a cousin of mine. He was ill: they sent him away to Madeira, and there he died."

"He — I did not quite hear." For, indeed, Hannah's words were all but inaudible.

"He died!"

She had said it out now, and Bernard knew the whole. Those two silent ghosts, of his dead wife and her own dead lover, seemed to come and stand near them in the quiet room. Was it with looks of sorrow or anger? — if the dead can feel either. Arthur — Rosa — in their lives both so loving, unselfish, and dear. Was it of them that the living needed to be afraid?

Mr. Rivers seemed not afraid, only exceedingly and painfully surprised.

"I had no idea of such a thing, or I would never have urged Mr. Morecomb's plea. And yet, tell me, Hannah, is this lost love the only cause of your refusing him? Was this what you referred to when you once said to me, or implied, that you would never marry anybody? Is all your heart, your warm, true, womanly heart, buried in your cousin's grave?"

There may be circumstances in which people are justified in telling a noble lie; but Hannah was not the woman to do it. Not though it would at once have placed her beyond the reach of misconception, saved her from all others, and from herself — encompassed her henceforward with a permanent shield. Though one little "Yes" would have accomplished all this, she could not say it, for she felt it would have been a lie — a lie to heaven and to her own soul. She looked down on the floor, and answered deliberately — "No!"

But the effort took all her strength, and when it was over she rose up tottering, and tried to feel her way to the door. Mr. Rivers opened it, not making the least effort to detain her.

"Good-night!" she said, as she passed him. He, without even an offered hand, said "Good-night," too; and so they parted.

From London Society.

A REVOLUTION IN GARDENING.

"In a natural wilderness, trees I would have none; but some thickets, made only of sweet-brier and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst, and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also heaps in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with lillium convallium, some with sweet williams red, some with bearsfoot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and slightly."—BACON, *Silva Silvarum*.

WHAT I have to say about gardens will be mostly a protest against "bedding out," and nothing else; and a glorification of those old-fashioned borders, with their mixture of all sorts of plants, which have been so nearly destroyed by the zebra-stripes, and "masses of colour" and all the other devices of the professed gardener.

That is what you have to expect from me; for, just as the caterpillar's thread depends for colour and substance on the leaf which he last ate; so, in these days of secondary thought, does a man's writing take after the last book that he has been reading; and my last book is Mr. Robinson's "Wild Garden."

But, better far, I am sitting in just such a garden as would delight Mr. Robinson—an old-fashioned place where, as in the garden of Alcinous, one thing grows into another, and the struggle for existence has been going on for several years with very little human interference.

One point I have proved, which Mr. Robinson leaves somewhat unsettled, that however "wild" your garden is to be, you must do some weeding, or else good-bye to everything, except, perhaps, your Lent lilies, which seem strong enough to assert themselves even against docks and nettles. I've just had an hour's very hard war with the long, thick roots of the butter-bur, one of Mr. Robinson's pets; and really, with its big, comely leaves, and its tufts of richly-scented bloom, coming out amid the snow, a very desirable thing in its place. I want it to grow under my trees, in the bare patches where nothing will grow; it prefers the full light to that *lux maligna* which it gets through the branches; and so it moves forward, and supplants the gladiolus, and drives back the spreading lily of the valley. Just where I am sitting, in front of a low mossy wall, the invader had swarmed down from the rough land above, and leaving numerous garrisons in the wall-crannies had "annexed" nearly half the narrow border

below, killing out the little Scotch roses, withering the box-edging, and driving the lilies of the valley, like Alsacians impatient of Prussian rule, to force their way, as best they could, through the gravel of the path. Of course this could not be; so I've been setting human will against Mr. Darwin's law, my problem being how to oust the intruder without, at every stroke, spearing a bulb, or turning up a rose-root.

Now I'm looking at my work. My wall, too, is worth looking at: it is as thoroughly Robinsonian as if the author of the "Wild Garden" had built it; curved in every one of the three planes—bulging forward, not enough to give any idea of insecurity; sweeping, in a wave-like curl, round the angle which it masks; and at top rounded into a gracefully irregular hill. I like it much better than the "little heaps in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths)" with which Lord Bacon proposes to dot over his "natural wilderness." But then Lord Bacon had probably never seen an old granite wall; and those who have not, can form no idea how it makes itself into a picture, if it is but saved from the hands of the professed gardener.

My wall is mossed and lichened, and its irregular blocks leave such welcome chinks for fern and grass-tufts, and campion, and foxglove, and violets, and wild strawberries, and that west-country plant, hereabouts called "penny-pies" (*cotyledon umbilicus*) of which you Londoners know nothing, though it would be invaluable in the rockeries in which, too often vainly, you try to "establish" a few woe-begone ferns.

Along its highest arch my wall is crowned with the large St. John's wort, sore beset to hold its own against the butter-bur aforesaid. At its base grows the branksome, bear's breech, or whatever other name you choose to give to the acanthus, with its big, fresh, glossy leaves, just the very shape that the old Corinthian artists gave them. Outside this are, the lilies of the valley—how tantalizingly long they are in flowering, after the bud, with its shielding leaf, has come well up, and seems to promise a full bloom for the day after to-morrow. In the box-edging are foxgloves, and columbine, and big fern-rhizomes, and—why should I be ashamed of it? did I not say the whole place was a wilderness? and do I not hold, under Mr. Robinson, a brief for wildernesses?—yes, among the box is one glorious dandelion. Shall I fork it out? See, that bee does not despise it; how he lingers about it, not to be called off by the three or four kinds of jonquils,

and the auriculas, and wallflowers, all within hail of him, nor by the *ribes* wooing him from all the shrubberies, nor even by the *pyrus japonica*, aglow under the south wall. He likes dandelion; so do I: and I'm glad to find, from Mr. Adams's travels, that the Chinese are much of my mind. I hold that a dandelion is a nobler flower than a marigold; nay, I don't know if it doesn't please me better than that flaunting fellow, the double-daffodil, which I never could think takes the winds of March with beauty, though it certainly takes them as though it didn't mind them a bit. Did any one ever try to "improve" dandelions? Blackberries one hears of as having been cultivated; "the Lawton blackberry" I never saw; but I can fancy it a great deal better than the woolly apricots and watery peaches, which people, to whom Nature has denied the right soil and aspect, will persist in growing. And so a dandelion might surely be made better than a good many of the things that are valued just because they come from abroad, and are hard to rear.

Well: you see the sort of garden I go in for. "The reaction is begun," we are told; let me be one of the reactionists. I don't want to make war on the foreigners; "live and let live." Keep borders for geraniums, for petunias, for verbenas — what more lovely than a bed of mauve verbenas? and how the hawk-moths — about which there were such a lot of silly letters in the papers two years ago — love them, and keep darting in and out among them all day, in spite of your often-paraded butterfly-net. But, while I would have a place in every large garden for "bedding-out," I would not do, what many do, sacrifice nearly all their available space to the late autumn blooms, and keep the best part of their ground empty for two-thirds of the year.

I hate, as much as Mr Robinson does, to see brown earth, though it be so well kept that not a groundsel nor a chickweed dares to raise its head. "How neat!" says the visitor: yes; where they make a solitude they call it neatness; and rather than see bare ground I'd have it covered with my poor friend the dandelion, if I could get nothing better.

With you Londoners the case is different: when you honour us by running down for your holiday, most of the old English flowers are out of bloom, and so you are best pleased with those which, coming from the other side of the world, have their spring, their blossom-time, in our autumn. That's all very well for my

lord, who never sees his "place," after Parliament is once begun, till the grouse have been shot. The best way, perhaps, for him is to banish the old hardy and half-hardy flowers to the kitchen-garden, where they are cut and sent up to town when wanted, and to keep the borders for things that will bloom on when his guests have begun to assemble for the winter. But why should Clapham and Hackney persist in imitating my lord? The "city men," whose houses are within ten or twelve miles round London, return every night in spring as well as autumn; yet, in spring, their gardens give them little else than a blank surface of black mould, suggestive, no doubt, to a philosopher, but gloomier to ordinary folks than even a lively chaos of kerks and nettles. I've marked them times without number, from the omnibus-top. You can find them in almost any suburb; mile after mile of garden and shrubbery, pale or walled, faultlessly neat, with such a perfection of gravel-walk that we, who have to put up with granite-sand, cannot help envying it. But then there's nothing in them. Come in spring, they are bare, and neat, and black; come in early summer, they are bare, and neat, and dried up from black to dark brown. You must wait till bedding-out time, if you want to see anything worth looking at; and even then one is as like another as Mrs. A's dinner is like Mrs. B's in the next row.

What would one not give for a clematis, one of those English "supplejacks," — "old man's beards," as they call the scentless English clematis down in Somerset; or, better still, the richly scented *flammula*, which is to our native sort as the sweet-violet is to the dog-violet. Why not something to break the monotony of endless privet-hedges and formal evergreens? And it could be done; you might have a succession of flowering creepers, — that yellow jasmine (the *Forsythia*), which blossoms before it is in leaf; the westeria, the honeysuckle, — these, and no end of tropæolums and everlasting peas, and such like; and all at far less cost than that of "saving" or buying your bedding-out plants. Of course you must not think because a thing has woody fibre, therefore it will grow anywhere and anyhow. I would not recommend you, for instance, to put in a clematis Jackmanni, without digging a big hole and filling it in with rich, light soil. "Very few people," slyly remarks Mr. Robinson, "know how to set anything but a very strong bedding-out plant." And even the hardest creeper has no spe-

cial preference for ground made of broken bricks and lumps of clay and bits of plaster and the other elements of the "dry rubbish" which makes the basis of most London gardens. But once fairly fed, your shrub will need no more nourishment for years.

I so long, too, to see Mr. Robinson's plan — the plan, as I remarked, of our old-fashioned garden makers — carried out in the bare spaces among the shrubs. Why not have a succession of these too? Christmas rose and winter aconite soon spread like grass, and their leaves are as graceful as their flowers. "Some of the anemones — notably," says Mr. Robinson, "the pale blue *blanda* — are strong enough to grow among bushes. Where they grow they will spread, realizing for us what our delicate cousins, who went abroad for their health, have told us is the chief marvel of spring on the Mediterranean, to wit, not the orange and lemon groves — for those they expected — but the masses of colour from the whole fields of anemones and ranunculus. Then there is the English bluebell, which will grow under trees, and which gives, on many a wood-side, a sheet of blue almost as good as Mr. Ruskin's gentian-clothed Alp. All these, no doubt, require more sun. What people are to do who have a garden ten feet square on the shady side of the way, with heavy iron railings, and a scurf of damp, black moss, I cannot tell, unless they go in for hollyhocks and sunflowers, and other things that will rise above their surroundings. Sunflowers, ugly as they are, are said to be first-rate manufacturers of ozone. What a boon a hedge of them would be to a man who had to live near the manure makers and grease refiners along the river Lea.

Mr. Robinson, indeed, names several plants which thrive under shade; the *Trientalis*, and the *Linnaea borealis*, for instance, which latter likes the depth of fir-woods, and if grown in the light must be "started" under a hand-glass half painted over. But of these I know nothing practically. I know that our west-country spurge (and quite as fine in its way is the golden-tipped *amygdaloides*, as any Cape *Euphorbia*), grow well in thick covers; so does the Epipactis, both the large white, and the commoner purple; and so does the "wild asparagus" (*ornithogalum*, Star of Bethlehem), an extremely local plant, abundant on the Bath oolite, and quite worthy of being introduced elsewhere. The herb Paris, too, grows under trees; and so does the musk-scented mos-

chatel, called *Adoxa*, inconspicuous, and placed (I'm sure I don't know why) among the ivy tribe. So, too, does the wood-ruff, which keeps its new-mown hay scent for years; and which they call *Männer-treue* in Germany, because (as a lady explained it to me) that virtue is such a rare treat when you do find it. Under trees, too, grows the wild garlic, with its broad leaves, which, while unexpanded, are so like those of the lily of the valley that, on Mr. Wallace's theory, you would say it was mimicking the other. A cruel jest, if it is one; for should you be tempted to pluck the garlic, your hand will hardly lose the scent all day. Round Bath it is a very pest, killing out everything else in the little wooded coombes, and betraying its presence whenever you are to the leeward of it, even at several fields' distance. Primroses, too, will thrive a long way into the shrubbery, though they dearly love the sun. Violets, I never find in the shade of trees; it sounds poetical to put "wood-violets" on Piesse and Lubin's labels, but they really like a warm bank, where they may nestle among moss; sweetness and light go together in their case. It is a very hard thing to keep up a good violet bed in a garden; if they "succeed," they are apt to run to leaf, and be shy of flowering. I don't believe they are really indigenous. They are not found wild to the west of Tamar, nor (I believe) in Ireland. I think that they, and snowdrops, and lilies of the valley, all "came in with the monks;" some Italians bringing them as a reminder of home, just as our Cornish miners take out furze seed to Australia, because they feel such a longing for the yellow flower which cheers their dreary moors, blossoming so unflinchingly as to have prompted the well-known proverb that, "when the gorse is out of bloom kissing's out of fashion."

Cyclamens, Mr. Robinson says, will soon cover all the mossy places under trees; but cyclamens are dear; and I almost think a Middlesex winter would be too much for them. Crown imperials I have in my shadiest places — they are the only bulbs that seem to do as well there as in the open. Where nothing else will grow you may be able to cover the ground with ivy — the real English small-leaved ivy if you can get it; but even that coarse stuff which grows so well on the little back garden walls about London, and which I think they call Irish ivy, is better than nothing. We don't prize ivy half enough. I remember a lady from Dantzic, who, admiring many things about Bath, ad-

mired most of all the ivy that thereabouts festoons the trees, tapestries the walls (not covering them with a coarse blanket, but with delicate lace-work), and creeps over all bare places. "At home they grow it in a pot," she would say; and she was never tired of pointing out the many shapes of the leaves, distinct as if they belonged to different varieties, from the plain halbert-shape to that with eight or nine spreading fingers. Ferns, too, thrive so well amid ivy; it gives the rhizomes, the protection they are so fond of, and of which the gardener who, with the best intentions, makes war on everything's roots, is too apt too stint them. Go to Weston-super-Mare in early spring, and see what a charm the ivy gives to very common-place hill-sides, and you'll wonder more use is not made of it to cover bare patches in London gardens. No wonder, however; for our gardeners have only just found out, what the Parisians have been teaching us for years, how admirable an edging it makes if it is kept neatly cut, and well washed from dust.

"Never show the naked earth," is Mr. Robinson's maxim; plan your garden well at first; graduate your plants; the tall ones behind, rising in their own wild way through the grass, or amid the branches of the outer shrubs; the little *Daphne Cneorum*, dwarf savins and cotoneasters, and roses pegged down, forming a cushion in front. Steal in lilies among the spreading shrubs. Cut off the formal line between border and margin. You'll have to give a little more time, and a great deal more taste, at first; but once done the work will stand for ever. The lawn, too, should be full of flowering things: squills, and crocuses, and snowdrops don't interfere a bit with such mowing as is sufficient, at any rate for the grass between the flowerbeds. Here is a question of taste; do you like an emerald sward, close-shaven, without a spot of white or yellow? or will you allow your lawn to be sprinkled in spring with "that constellated flower that never sets?" Whichever you do, don't be tyrannized over by gardeners; they are great foes to anything like individuality in gardening. Scotchmen, most of them, they don't understand it any more than they do a joke. Read Mr. Robinson's account of Kensington Gardens just after they have been "done up:" "the whole has a spare depopulated aspect, gloomy because of the dark look of the upturned earth. And an army of rough pruners preceding the diggers, had trimmed the shrubs, right cruelly. The first shower

after such a digging, exposes a network of upturn roots." But, if you must not fork out the weed and cannot afford to have it hand-picked, what are you to do? This is my difficulty: I could throw in guano or superphosphate, either of which will often bring up plants long dormant below. I know a case in which a top-dressing brought up scores of the sweet little *Neottia spiralis*, where none ever remembered to have seen a plant of it growing. But guano is dear; and, if I don't make a partial clearance I shall find that *lappaque tribulique* and all Virgil's other plagues will get the upper hand. Nettles spread fast (what long tough roots they have); and Wordsworth's little celandine, harmless as it looks, would (if not checked) soon kill out everything else, and form a compact undergrowth through all my shrubberies. Of course it shows wonderfully well with its glossy leaves, which have a tendency to variegation, looking sometimes almost as beautiful as cyclamen leaves; but I don't like it everywhere. But you'll say that this variety, which is of the essence of the "wild garden," requires space. No, says Mr. Robinson, the thing may be done in the patch of ground belonging to a semi-detached villa, with a shrubbery about as big as its dining-room. There you may have, nicely sheltered in front of the high row of shrubs, the handsome Solomon's seal, arching out from behind the narcissus, you may have white "Mary lilies" for summer, and blue amaryllis to flower when they are over. Then, too, you may have any amount of variety in the banks, which should always take the place of dead walls wherever any windows open out on them. Why should you have from your study no better prospect than monotonous rows of bricks crowned with a wire fence? The sight is so wearying that, lest you might be tempted to count the said bricks and classify them according to their different degrees of smokiness, you have had your windows filled with ground glass. A few loads of earth, heaped up against the said wall, and planted with "anything green," would be a wonderful refresher to the eyes. Don't despair because it's a bad aspect, and "shut in too much;" something can be found to grow anywhere; think (if you are a Latinist) of Virgil's old Corycian who got all the early flowers, and vegetables too, out of a patch of waste, because he loved his plants and tended them accordingly. Even brick walls can be covered: at Lucan, in Ireland, where flowers are usually so little cared for, Mr. Robinson

saw the *Erinus Alpinus*, "established" by seed, growing so freely as to leave no wall visible; and in the old walls about Esher and Hampton Court you may see the ivy-leaved toadflax thriving so well as to prove that there is no peculiar plant-growing virtue in stone. If you have no room for a bank, Mr. Robinson in his "Alpine Flowers" will teach you how to cover even your backyard walls with small ferns and alpinas. Even such an unpromising field as "a common ditch shaded with trees," you may do wonders with, if only you will take the pains. Go to Merriam, near Dublin, and Dr. Hudson will show you such a ditch transformed; the middle filled in with rubbish and coal ash forms a walk a foot wide, and on each side are "mixed borders, no two patches showing the same vegetation," and all this where to start with was nothing but nettles, and dock and ground ivy, and here and there an ugly blackish crust of lichen. If people would make up their minds to use up their waste bits of ground, gardening would at once rank among the fine arts, instead of being, as it is, one of the most mechanical of employments.

But, unless you really care for the thing, all the preaching in the world won't make you practise it. The young bride, set down in a suburban villa, goes in very strongly for gardening for a few months. Queer work she makes of it: for we believe there is not a lady's school in the kingdom where the girls have gardens. And so she exterminates the springing *Eschscholzia*, thinking it a kind of groundsel, and leaves the young chickweed, fancying it to be mignonette. However, she keeps at it like a heroine, rejoicing especially in the patches of bare earth which are Mr. Robinson's aversion, and challenging "dear Frederick" to see if he can find a weed even when he puts up his eye-glass. I think it is since the women had more to do with these things that the said "bare patches" have come into fashion. Men (except Scotchmen) are very patient of weeds, provided the weeds don't interfere with their comfort; women must always be putting things tidy. We are always told they are conservatives; not at all, they are imperialists, that is, they like finery and state, but they like a good deal of radicalism mixed with it. Women in gardens are sad reformers; your delicate Nepaul pæony, that has hardly recovered from its journey of two hundred miles last autumn, must come out of the sheltered nook in which you placed it as a convales-

cent, and show itself in the most exposed corner of the garden; that fringe of oxalis of which you were so proud, all went one fatal day when the bed where it grew was handed over for weeding to an ignorant garden woman. Did you ever have your library set to rights? If so, you know what woman's zeal will do in this way. The bare patches are woman's work — and Scotchmen's; and it is because women have less invention than men, and Scotchmen less than either, that the patches, when stripped of their old furniture, "because, dear, the things did look so weedy and ragged," are left empty till "bedding out time" comes. Women, too, are worse than men in their sheep-like propensity to follow a leader, and in their determination not to be behind the fashion. Paxton and his school made bedding out what it is, and straightway every one must do the same, and so the comfort and general use of a garden were sacrificed for the sake of a little autumn show. Perhaps if a few great folks take up Mr. Robinson's notion, the tide may set the other way as rapidly as when costumes replaced crinolines; and then our gardens, small as well as great, will come to be more like that of the lady Corisande of which Mr. Disraeli speaks so enthusiastically in *Lothair*. "Give me" (says he) "cabbage roses, sweet peas and wallflowers, that is my idea of a garden. Corisande's garden is the only sensible thing of the sort. Here in their season flourished all those productions of Nature which are now banished from our neglected senses; huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet pea and sweet briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the bricks from which they seem to spring. There were banks of violets, which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. It seemed a blaze of roses and carnations, though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily and the stock."

The ex-premier has indeed a hereditary right to love something very different in the way of gardens from the quaint formal thing which the later middle ages developed out of Pliny's *xystus*. The East certainly beat the West in this matter. The Greeks, whose gardening was strictly subordinate to their architecture (except when it was of the "market" kind, and busied itself with growing things for garlands), could not help admiring the Persian wildernesses; the name paradise shows by its later application what they felt

about those glorious gardens, parks, menageries, all in one, of which Greece was far too small a country to hold a proper sample, and of which Coleridge saw a very good one when he had that vision of Kub-lai Khan —

"There were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree;
And there were forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

Virgil, who emancipates himself now and then from the fetters of formality, dearly loved a "wilderness:" how he cries out for a run in Thrace, the Switzerland of the Roman Alpine clubbists; Tibur and his Sabine farm would do for the man-about-townish Horace; but Virgil wanted something wilder, some place where man had never perched a temple on a rock nor stuck a statue beside a tree-crowned fountain. Hear him, when he despairs of having genius enough to be a physical philosopher, crying out,

"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.
Flumina amem silvas que inglorius . . .
O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat um-
brâ!"

That is not at all the style of a man who thought the *topiary* art the perfection of gardening, and twisted cut and tied his trees into all sorts of shapes, and delighted in formal alleys and in flowerbeds of intricate geometrical patterns. Of a garden of this kind the best instance I remember is at Elvaston, Lord Harrington's place in South Derbyshire. There you see what perverted ingenuity can do with yew hedges. Versailles, of course, has good bits of topiary work; and it has the statues and fountains to boot which are wanting in Elvaston; but in quaintly-cut trees Elvaston is unsurpassable.

How this Roman idea of law and order comes out in Roman gardening. The Greeks, with all their art-culture, were higgledy-piggledy — growing leeks and onions among their roses and parsley with their violets. This Roman idea, too, like all Rome's other ideas, impressed itself on the mind of Europe. It lasted on in Italy, it travelled thence to Spain and Flanders; and it came to us twice over, once in the Elizabethan age of Italian influence, and afterwards as "the Dutch style," with Orange William. Our "English gardens," the bits of nature which, when we come upon them in a place like the Boboli gardens at Florence, make us think of home,

we owe (the French tell us) to the Chinese; everything comes from China; fancy Capability Brown having been anticipated by some fellow with almond eyes and a pigtail. One thing those Romans did which I wonder no ingenious tenants of the little twenty feet by twelve gardens in "new neighbourhoods" have imitated; they made believe, by painting the walls to look like a *réal* garden, and so kept what little space they had for choice flowers in vases. I saw something of the kind when, as a very little boy, I went to Vesuvius at the old Surrey Gardens. The effect there was very satisfactory — to little boys; anyhow the modification of it which the French adopt in their wall-papers deserves all commendation; how many a dingy inn-parlour would be brightened up if it had upon its walls a view on the Rhine, or even a foxhunt, instead of some frightful geometrical pattern.

Among the Romans all gardening was formal; the Greeks had wild gardens on a small scale round their temples — almost the only spots where trees could grow without being cut down in their constant wars. When blind *Ædipus* is come to Colonnos, his daughter knows they are on sacred ground because the place

"Teemeth with bay and olive, and within
Unnumbered nightingales make dainty music,
Hid in the coverts."

Thrace, however, was the land of wild gardens. What a place that temple-grove must have been whither poor young *Agamemnon*, the Spartan king, dying at *Olynthus* of marsh fever, longed to be carried! He just lived to lay his head on its cool mossy banks under trees where (as in that dear old aquatint "The Paphian bower")

"'Tis night at noon of day."

But I must not become historical; if you want to know why the author of "Lothair" loves a good old-fashioned garden, read what is said about gardens in the Song of Songs which is Solomon's. Mr. Robinson must have been reading it when he talks of "stealing in lilies among the rhododendrons, where their decay will not be noticed," and when he describes "a lawn-patch, with snowdrops and violets and anemones among the turf — what a bit for a poet, more than ever gardener has yet given him, with glimpses of all kinds of blades and leaves and hues, quite devoid of man's muddling in the earth, and his exceeding weakness for tracing wall-paper patterns." He is quite right; everything

in a garden should be varied, indefinite, and changeful as the flowers themselves; at least there should be some part where nature is not sacrificed to formality and masses of colour. Of course the difficulty is to combine this sort of thing with neatness sufficient for our modern requirements; we are not all of us like Dr. Hooker, who did not a bit mind the decayed leaves. A garden, like that wood in Keats's *Hyperion*, "where the dead leaf fell there did it lie," would not at all do to show one's friends round—which of course is the final cause of gardens. A little place must be kept neat; and this is to my mind the great suburban difficulty: what is a man to do when, if he lets his weeds grow, his "half-detached" neighbour may have him up for spreading a nuisance?

So our revolution, like other revolutions, must be kept within bounds; but it was necessary. The gardener has become so irresponsible that he must be dethroned. His personal government has left us so imbecile that Mr. Robinson comes in the nick of time to tell us how our grandfathers managed things. Like other reformers he exaggerates: it can hardly be that "often in the largest garden there is not a hardy flower." But it is certain that, since Paris took to spending such vast sums in "bedding out" geraniums and so on by the ten thousand, England has followed suit, and the great men's gardeners, like the tailless fox in the fable, have been busy converting the small men's gardeners, and they have converted the men who are their own gardeners, till there has been far too wholesale a destruction of the old cottage and small manor garden—"umbrageous man's nest" Carlyle calls it, and a general substitution of "bands of colour" such as you see at Kew, and "raised pies" planted with all sorts of strangely-tinted leaves, like those wonderful and awful samples of horticultural confectionary to be found in autumn at Battersea. I don't dislike colour if it is well managed: I think Mr. Robinson is inconsistent; he says we have never yet done anything to equal a field of buttercups; and yet he complains of bedding out masses of colour as "the best possible appliance for stealing from nature every grace of form, beauty, colour, and vital interest." I think we are right in this climate in going in for colour; I wish we did it more in dress; I regret the days of peach-blossomed and cinnamon-coloured coats, and certainly would not have our gardens as quaker-like as our men's dress. Our mistake is, not in having patches of

geraniums and calceolarias, but first in sacrificing almost everything to them, and next in leaving so much ground—all that which is under trees or along the edges of shrubberies, with not an effort to relieve its black sameness. These are the principles of the floral revolution: don't be content to leave your ground empty till the geraniums will bear to be put in; have other borders differently managed, where tall things shall grow, not tied to sticks, or else trailing hopelessly out over the path, as they used to be in the old flower borders, but kept back among the shrubs, and their place taken by a multitude of hardy dwarfs, "leading up" to the giants behind; and, have a righteous horror of bare ground, and muster patience to coax something to grow even in the most unpromisingly gloomy corners of your shrubbery.

Now this is a sort of gardening which can only be done by one who loves it: weeding with him becomes a science; you need all your wit to determine how much may be pulled up without fear of displacing flower-roots. As to pruning, it must be done as if there was a complete rapport between you and your plant, so that you should argue with it and point out how it is for its good that such a branch should be cut off. Londoners can't do this, and their wives won't; the Englishman gets it all done for him just as the Romans used to, the only difference being, that, whereas the *topiarius* was a slave, the gardener nowadays is the most imperious of masters.

What a good many of us have to unlearn is the idea that because we have a quarter of an acre of ground and a groom who knows something of gardening, therefore we can garden in the grand style. Chatsworth will hold a score of "gardens" without touching the general effect of the grounds. Does anyone, by the way, remember there the quaint place where are the surprise-fountains that sprinkle you as you pass, and the copper tree-fountain which pours a stream from every joint and branch? I never saw the like except at Heilbrunn, near Saltzburg, in an old-world pleasure-land that used to be the prince-bishop's. The perfection of a "place" I take to be Lord Stamford and Warrington's, Bradgate Park. You have everything there: a moated house at Groby (Lord Grey of that ilk was the first husband of Elizabeth Woodville); another house inside the park, where Lady Jane Grey lived and studied, and where her naughty sister-in-law was so unwilling to live away from town and her husband that

she set it on fire, so as to have no country house to be sent down to. Then there's a hill with the shell of one of King John's castles, and there are oaks—dear stumpy, broad fellows just like that which you see in the cut fern root; and there, too, while the Leicester folks are keeping St. Monday, and shouting, and swinging, and making tea in one part, you can walk away into sylvan solitudes where real red deer hide in fern that rises to your shoulders. It's my ideal of a place; and I honour the owner for making it free once a week to all the world; but its gardens are lost in the beauty of the park. Alton Towers is perhaps the most successful garden-place among Midland show-houses. "He made the desert smile" indeed, if that gorge of the Churnet valley was ever like some of the ground near it, a mere wilderness of nettles and wild raspberry. And though it smiles, and very sweetly, the smile is not a formal one: Mr. Robinson himself would not complain of the effects which, accidents of hill and dale happily assisting, Lord Shrewsbury was able to bring about at Alton.

But, as I said, the little places are spoiled through copying the big ones; and places about London are the most spoiled of all. In the country, a shrubbery or a copse (except where the trees are planted very thickly to keep off sea winds) will generally take care of its own undergrowth. Creeping ivy, large cow-parsnip, wild geranium, wood anemone, champions of half-a-dozen kinds, arum, goose-grass—all these I can get in a square foot of wood-land. I am "establishing" them in my own place, whence probably the misdirected zeal of the gardener exterminated them. But it is about London that they need more teaching than we country folks do. Correct that morbid dislike of weeds and love of "apple-pie order" which beset the Londoner, and then we may hope that his "wild places"—for there are wild places in Mr. Robinson's sense in almost every garden—will be made as ornamental as, and more interesting than, his beds of florist's flowers. Then the old "posy gardens" will again come into vogue, with their moss-roses and clove carnations, and lad's love and lemon thyme—old favourites now replaced (as Mr. Robinson indignantly says) "by Tom Thumb geraniums and verbenas at six-pence a-piece." But we must have our geraniums and verbenas too. Since bouquets have become so universal these light dry-stalked blooms are more than ever indispensable—fancy taking in to dinner, or carrying about in

a ball-room, a "nosegay" of cabbage roses and stocks and Mary lilies.

Read Mr. Robinson, then, but in reading him be eclectic; don't rush madly along the line he indicates and turn all your glass into melon frames, and let next winter's frost kill all your hot-house plants. Keep your plants and introduce his too. You can't have too many. Most gardens would hold five times as much as they have in them were they but treated half as considerably as we treat a potato field. As it is, the flowers are very often starved; just as the children of so many highly respectable families don't really get enough to eat. Mr. Robinson pooh-poohs plants from the Antipodes, and recommends European kinds instead. "What does a New Holland plant say to us in comparison with one from Parnassus or the Coliseum?" Well; to me it says a great deal; it reminds me of Botany Bay and all that sad time, and of the "Greater Britain" that has since grown up there, and the plucky city that lately put itself in a thorough state of defence in so short a time and at so marvellously small a cost. I like to see the two side by side; and then I compare, and ask how it is that where man has risen to his highest development nature is sober or at any rate less brilliant than "where wild in woods the very ignoble savage runs."

Multiply species in your garden; that way you'll become a botanist in spite of yourself. Put in Mr. Robinson's winter pets, his late autumn pets, his water pets if you have any water—his flowering rush, arrowhead, purple loose strife, marsh-marigold; all these you can get in the Thames without going higher up than Kew. Try, too, his great woolly thistle, the real *onopordum*: it is far handsomer both in leaf and flower than scores of costly favourites; and as for heaths, why go abroad? Did you ever see the heath peculiar to the Lizard country, and St. Daboec's, *alias* the Connemara heath, and the Mackayana and the other rare Irish kinds? Why by selecting properly you can make nearly as good a show with heaths in the open air as your rich neighbour does under his glass.

Some people think that heaths and ferns will only grow in what they call a rockery. These I refer to Mr. Robinson's alpine book. His scorn of suburban rockwork is almost too scathing; look at his little vignettes of "the natural" and "the unnatural"—the latter with its chinks all the wrong way, as if we were field-mice wishing to keep the roots we have

put in nice and dry, instead of gardeners anxious to get a good strong growth. How rock-plants really do grow we may gather from his instance of that alpine which with a stalk an inch high had more than a yard of root—he chiselled it out of the slate rock. Don't talk of ash-trees, after that. His recipe (found successful in North London) is to dig out at least two feet of the clay soil, drain, fill in with peat and leaf mould, raising it an average foot above the garden surface; edge it with well-worn stones and towards the centre throw more earth and let a few slabs "crop out." On that you may grow saxifrages, sedums (the great Pyrenean sedum is worth knowing), alpine pinks, gentians Carpathian campanulas, as well as ferns and heaths. In fact you may have a succession of blooms (is not one gentian worth all the trouble? there's nothing like it, except the Bay of Genoa), and also the cool refreshing succulent green peculiar to alpine. You may put in the British alpine as well: there are some still, and they will grow in the lowlands, although, when the Queen picked a high-land plant in that little spot where those relics of the glacial period still thrive, the Duke of Argyll told her that it even passed her power to rear it away from its home. Strange, that even smoky London suits them perfectly—that London where it is so much easier to imitate even the damp-heat of Borneo than their own mountain air. Only feed them, water and protect during east winds, weed often—always with hand only; if you have a shrubbery, build a concrete barrier to stop its roots from creeping in and starving your pets; and above all keep toads, and make a winding canal (you can easily manage so that it shall be no eyesore) to baffle the slugs. If you don't do this whole races will disappear in a night, for some of the choicest alpine are so small that a single slug would eat several of them at a meal.

There: for more about alpine you must go to Mr. Robinson. I don't care much for them; at least for those that you may pass by if you don't keep using a microscope. However, I go heartily along with our friend in his reprobation of bricklayers' rockeries, and of the pretentious folks who set up *infandos scapulos*, and make rockwork arches, like bits out of Poussin's landscapes; and are not satisfied unless they can see "all the Alps from their hall-door." Instead of doing much with alpine, I say try a rockery about your garden-spring, if you are happy enough to

have one. I know one (in a parson's garden), which was, in its way, as good as the fount of Bandusia—no profane digger ever forked round that; but Scotch roses and tansy, and the large willow-herb, and the wild white convolvulus, and tall toad-flax, and the beautiful Somerset vetch, strove pleasantly for mastery, or rather seemed to live on good terms among themselves, and with the variegated periwinkle, and white alyssum, Nepaul geranium, and sedums and ferns, that disputed the ground with them. They were well manured, and now and then thinned out—that was all; and the occupation was so complete that not a weed could find lodgment.

I am so grateful to Mr. Robinson for saying a word for our own wild-flowers. Few of us know how handsome some of them are. He has done a good work, too, in showing us how the epithet "trim" has been abused, till we have nothing left in many places but the neatness of desolation. I like his protest against formal rows or patches of crocuses, which never look so well as when they stud a grass field. Look at the autumn fields on the oolite, purple with the colchicum, and you'll be digging holes in your lawn, and dibbling in bulbs as soon as you get home. I am glad that things have taken a turn. There should be something for the mind in a garden, as well as for the eye. A wild flower, growing wild, has an additional claim on us, because it has won a victory for itself; but the same flower may be so managed in a "wild garden," as not to seem out of place. Even Paxton, the prophet of bedding-out, kept a little bit in the shrubbery of his private garden at Chatsworth, and there out of public view he grew "weeds."

But, after all, this "bedding-out" has made Mr. Robinson needlessly desponding: he laments that the last glimpses of beautiful old English gardening are only to be seen round little cottages, especially in Kent and Sussex, "embowered in fruit trees, and evergreens, and honey-suckles, rising many-coloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers straggling in through the very windows . . . places where a king might wish to sit and smoke, and call them his."

Now I can show him the old style in a good many bigger gardens in this West Wales. Our cottagers are not fond of flowers. Race tells in this as in other things. All through South Wales you won't find a score of cottage-gardens, except where some *force majeure* has called

them into existence. The same in many parts of Ireland — though Ireland has "races" enough in it — "Palatines" in the south-west, Edict of Nantes French in Dublin, Wessex men in Wexford — enough to account for any variety of tastes. But if our cottage-gardens are fewer than those of Kent, "the invader" has brought his taste for gardening with him; and that peaceful invader, the parson, who has done so much in a quiet way to diffuse ideas, and keep the ends of England together, has worked manfully hereabouts in the interests of horticulture. I don't know what will happen if they disestablish him, as they talk of doing. A man who remembers the Oxford gardens — New College, for instance, with that gloriously tapestried bit of the old city-wall; or those of Cambridge, freshened by the silver Cam — will be poorly replaced, as far as trees and flowers are concerned, by the most eloquent alumnus of Disbury or Cheshunt.

Since I wrote this I have seen, at Tours, that grand specimen of Mame's typography, "Les Jardins," by Maugin. How the Frenchman goes at his subject, drawing and discussing all the gardens it ever came into man's head to dream of — pre-Adamite; Adamite, with Eve of course in the foreground; Mexican; Egyptian; down to the strange mediæval pleasance of the dukes of Burgundy at Hesdin, and the improvements connected with the name of Olivier de Serres. The finest French gardens, not in the hands of some of the Bonapartes, seem, in 1867, to have been the Rothschild's place at Armainvilliers, and Furtado's at Roquencourt. And perhaps the severest satire on revolutions is that the chief result of '93 has been to replace "the old stock" by a set of Jew bankers and Corsican stock-jobbers. At any rate, our revolutions in gardening are not so costly as that magnificent failure.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
POPE AND COWPER.*

THE almost simultaneous publication of the first volume of Mr. Elwin's long-expected and magnificent edition of Pope, and of the more compact but not less useful Globe Edition of Cowper, invites a comparison between the two poets, and between their respective epochs, which,

though not now attempted for the first time, is still far from being exhausted. Indeed the very remarkable character of the introduction which Mr. Elwin has prefixed to his first volume, as it seems to have finally closed one of the most important of the many controversies of which Pope has been the centre by deciding it against the poet on evidence apparently overwhelming, has imparted some real novelty to the subject; and suggests, so to speak, a kind of literary commission to rehear and report upon the whole question. For the purpose of this article, however, we shall assume it to be settled; as we entertain little or no doubt of the justice of Mr. Elwin's conclusions: and we have therefore to consider the interesting problem presented by a man not only of the highest intellectual powers, for in that would be nothing remarkable, but of the keenest sensibility combined, if we may judge by his friendships, with an amiable and even noble nature, deliberately perpetrating frauds, not to say forgeries, of which it is difficult to say if the littleness of the motive or the dirtiness of the means predominated; and contriving machinery to fix a false charge upon one of his oldest friends, who could no longer defend himself, in order to find a pretext for the gratification of his own effeminate vanity. Can this be the man, we may exclaim, who was the centre of that exalted circle which used to meet at Twickenham and Dawley; the beloved companion of gallant soldiers and refined gentlemen, of eminent statesmen, wits, and scholars, of Mordaunt and Wyndham, of Bolingbroke and Arbuthnot, of Atterbury, Swift and Gay? Could all these have been deceived in him, or we all have been deceived in them? Because we have no longer to do with surmises and suspicions: no longer only with facts on which two constructions can be placed: no longer with such a general aspect of the case as admits of palliation or extenuation; but with acts of downright knavery. The compilation of Pope's correspondence by his own hand, if the real history of it is now given to the public, is certainly one of the most extraordinary proofs to be found, in the whole history of human nature, of the contradictory elements which are able to co-exist in one character when subject to the control, as Pope himself would have explained it, of a strong ruling passion.

The charge against Pope in general terms is as follows: That he was prompted by vanity to publish his own correspondence; that he wished to conceal the truth,

* The Works of Alexander Pope, &c. &c. By Whitwell Elwin. John Murray, 1871.
The Globe Edition of Cowper, &c. Macmillan & Co., 1870.

and make it appear that the publication was forced upon him by the unprincipled or careless conduct of other people who were giving to the world garbled or spurious fragments of it; that in effecting this object he was himself his own agent, robbed himself of his own letters, surreptitiously conveyed them to a publisher, and then accused others of the theft; that he did not scruple, in pursuit of this stratagem, to tax even Dean Swift, who was then imbecile, with what he knew to be untrue, namely, having given away his letters improperly; and that, having thus prepared the world for what he called his genuine correspondence, he presented it with one that has been proved to be utterly fictitious;—letters which at his own request were returned him by his correspondents having been rewritten, redated, and re-addressed to different persons who seemed likely at the time to bring more credit to the writer. One of Pope's friends, Mr. Caryl, when asked to return his letters, took the precaution beforehand of copying them all out: and these manuscript originals being compared with the published ones are found to sustain the charge.

Those who wish to investigate the matter for themselves will find numerous specimens of this Medean system of composition in the first volume of the letters just published, and doubtless many more are to come. But Mr. Elwin has given the pith and marrow of the whole case in his Introduction, p. cxxii. *sqq.*, which the majority of readers will probably find quite sufficient for their purpose. But we must say that after the first warmth of resentment provoked by Mr. Elwin's strictures has had time to cool, and we can look back upon the whole affair in a dispassionate mood, we feel inclined after all rather to laugh than to weep over it. The spectacle of a great man detected in a mean imposture ought perhaps to be more painful than ridiculous. But in this particular case there is something so monkeyish, so grotesque, so utterly contemptible, that we cannot sustain ourselves at the high pitch of moral indignation which Mr. Elwin, not however without some semblance of straining, keeps up throughout. We confess that the whole business reminds us of nothing so much as the detective's story in "Oliver Twist," relating to the keeper of a public-house who gave out that he had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and was relieved by very liberal subscriptions got up for him by his neighbours. He went so far as to have an officer in his house, who "for a long time saw

nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But one morning he walked into the bar, and taking out his snuff-box said, 'Chickweed, I've found out who's done this here robbery.' 'Have you?' said Chickweed; 'oh, my dear Spyzers, only let me have vengeance and I shall die contented.' 'Come,' said Spyzers, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon—you did it yourself,' and so he had too, and a pretty bit of money he made by it." The picture of Conkey Chickweed always rises up between ourselves and the righteous anger which ought to be awakened in us by the notorious P. P. transaction.

The above is not a minute or exhaustive summary of the case against the poet; but it gives the backbone of it: and assuming it to be true, yet remembering the high character which Pope always bore among his friends, and the kindness and magnanimity which he certainly displayed at times, we are led to consider if there was anything in the position of Pope which has not yet been duly weighed to account for so portentous a phenomenon.

The demoralization of English society begun by the Rebellion, augmented by the Restoration, and extended far and wide by the Revolution, has been underrated. All that has been admitted has been that the rationalism which triumphed in the Government triumphed likewise in the Church and in the schools; and that the three reacting on each other produced a general scepticism. But united with this was a spirit of political infidelity which produced a much worse effect. The appeal from loyalty to expediency, and from faith to common sense, though it might indicate the decline of idealism, was perfectly consistent with virtue. But a state of things in which most men hung between the two, and swayed to this or that according to the convenience of the moment, was not favourable to it; for it implied that there was no difference at bottom for which it was worth while to make sacrifices. A man may honestly believe that transcendental considerations are out of place in civil government; and that expediency is the only rule by which statesmen can be guided. He may also honestly believe that, if we accept Reason as our guide when she leads to faith, it is not fair to reject her when she leads to doubt. In either case he acts upon a principle. But the man who acts as if it did not signify what he thought, as if truth and falsehood were conventional distinctions under the

protection rather of positive than of natural laws, may, indeed be honest as Jonathan Wild was honest, who sincerely believed what he practised, but what the world agrees to call dishonesty will be largely propagated by his example. And what first applies only to politics will soon spread to morality. Now, speaking roughly from about the accession of William the Third to the accession of George the Third, such a state of things did prevail in England. The transition from the Caroline to the Georgian theology and philosophy, so admirably described by Dr. Pattison, was gradual, and was traceable up to the Reformation. But the shock of the political transition was infinitely more sudden and violent, and resulted in either a general indifference to all ties, or in the concealment of one set of opinions under the open profession of another. Hence an epoch of political dissimulation and corruption to which England affords no parallel either before or since. And the first, of course, led directly to the second: for men who had no principles must clearly be secured by interest. Both Whigs and Tories corresponded with the Stuarts while professing devotion to the Guelphs: and in most cases we should fear such conduct sprang from selfish motives, and not from a mistaken sense of loyalty. It was the desire to provide for themselves in case of a counter revolution which led men like Marlborough and Walpole to delude the exiles with fair promises and false hopes. It was no profound faith in hereditary right which led Bolingbroke to waste a brilliant genius on a broken cause. He saw in its recovery the only chance of his return to the great position he had lost. In this there was no dishonesty and no concealment; on the contrary we have never had a doubt but what Bolingbroke had sincerely persuaded himself that the Whigs were ruining the country; and that the despotic power of a minister, veiled under the form of the constitution and supported by the corruption of Parliament, was more dangerous to liberty than the despotic power of a king seen in all its naked rudeness and exerted in defiance of the laws. But still in this there was none of the high-souled and romantic loyalty of the old cavaliers, which might have acted as a corrective to the gross materialism of the age. Nor could it have escaped so acute an observer as Pope, the poet of the "Patriots," that even among the honourable and high-minded gentlemen, able and eloquent as they were, who led the party so named, there was what

we should now call the "want of a distinct policy." Much of their declamation must have seemed to him hollow and unreal. The abuses which they denounced were unquestionably real enough; but the remedies which they proposed were vague and intangible. Doubtless they contained the crude germ of that principle which was destined in time to extinguish the reign of corruption. To the writings of Bolingbroke we owe both George the Third and Mr. Pitt, and the Tory reaction of 1784. But the Patriots, like all true prophets, did not understand themselves, nor is it probable that their contemporaries understood them any better. They had got a set of general maxims on which they rung the changes; and though they were not barren objectively, still they were so to *them*. Continual contact with men, however able and honourable, who on great public affairs habitually mistake words for things, and who are lifelong illustrations of the cheat which lurks in generalities, cannot but exercise an injurious effect on the mind of the man who looks up to them. How much more so when that mind is such a mind as Pope's!

Thus we see that Pope must have habitually breathed an atmosphere that was either highly artificial and unreal, or else cynically profligate. For more than half a century no one rose up to give a higher tone to the public life or private morals. Then came the turn. Wesley and Johnson began to preach and to write. A king came to the throne who, whatever his defects, was a man of fixed principles, spotless character, and determined courage. The gentlemen of the country again thronged the Court and the House of Commons, and brought with them a healthy country air to purify the tainted precincts. The voice of philanthropy began to make itself heard. A new day began to dawn. But Pope died while Cowper was a boy at Westminster; and was, in a greater degree than the latter, what his age made him. His natural character was one common enough in the annals of art and literature. He had even more than his share of caprice, shiftiness, irritability, and love of effect. He mingled in his own person the fierce pugnacity of Haydon with the girlish vanity of Goldsmith. The moral tone of the revolutionary epoch acting on such a temperament as this, naturally did its work. It aggravated all the bad points in his character, and distorted the good ones. Love of *finesse* became indifference to truth; in

him vanity, as in others ambition, became the parent of unscrupulous selfishness; intellectual subtlety was expended on glittering rhetoric and verbal antitheses exactly as it was in Parliament; and his fine fits of moral indignation too frequently recall to us Lord Byron's description of the moon. Yet if we can only be on our guard to separate Pope's real contempt of folly and dullness from his affected hatred of vice and immorality, we shall still be able to take the warmest pleasure in his writings. For here he was in earnest. The age had a real respect for cleverness, a real contempt for anything that did not pay. It was to this very spirit that Bishop Butler appealed in his *Analogy*. And Pope had no difficulty in believing that misers, drunkards, and libertines made a bad bargain for themselves even in this life. Of stupidity and pomposity his hatred was perfectly natural. Ambition he classes as a blunder. But then Bolingbroke was living in retirement. Of the intrinsic badness, however, of bad things, of the impurity of moral evil, apart from its practical consequences, he seems to have had no real appreciation. And wherever he appears to launch out against it, it is but an appearance. Vice, says he, is

"A monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But we doubt if Pope had ever seen it. The original source of this illustration is, as our readers are aware, in Plato. It has been borrowed by numerous writers. But Pope probably got it either from the Patriot King, or, as Mr. Elwin suggests, from Dryden's "Hind and Panther." We cannot believe it is an image that would ever have occurred to himself. And we now reach the point at which the contrast between Pope and Cowper rises to its full height. Poetry with Pope was an end in itself; and he only made ethics and religion his subject-matter, because they were the topics of the day. With Cowper poetry was as much a means as an end: "*facit indignatio versum*." The poetic impulse in him was far less strong than in Pope; the moral one much stronger. Of Pope we may say, "*materiam superabat opus*;" of Cowper, the reverse. His versification is careless without being easy, and rough without being vigorous. But we feel in every page the inestimable advantage of his moral superiority, which goes far to outweigh even the matchless elegance of his predecessor.

Another charge brought against Pope, and repeated in stronger terms than ever by Mr. Elwin, is that he was prurient and indelicate. Here, too, we trace the influence of his age and his associates. Of feeble health and deformed person, circumstances had thrown him into the society of the gay, the fashionable, and the profligate. Instead of being estranged from it, he adopted himself into it, and sought to catch its tone and spirit. In doing this he was sure to run into extremes, or make mistakes of some kind. A man who really practises profligacy at least scorns to dwell upon it, but Pope hovers about the subject with the fidgety restlessness of one who is afraid if he does not remind you that you will forget his pretensions to gallantry. Yet something must undoubtedly be set down to the coarseness of the age in which he lived. Nor can we quite take in all that Mr. Elwin says of Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the "Rape of the Lock." That Pope gave offence instead of pleasure to both herself and her family by the poem may be quite true, though there is evidence to the contrary; and so did Tennyson give offence to the head waiter at the Cock by Will Waterproof's Monologue. But it was for the liberty taken, not for the description given. "He (Pope) made Belinda the subject of some gross double meanings, which provoked the ribald comments of the critics; and unless a morbid love of notoriety had extinguished feminine purity, she must have been deeply outraged by being associated with these licentious allusions." (Vol. ii. p. 121). As Mr. Elwin says that the critics did make these comments, they doubtless did; but the "double meanings" of which anything ribald could be made without doing violence to the sense are very few; nor are we absolutely sure of more than one line which we can believe Pope to have meant as a "*double entendre*," and even that is so much in the tone of the modish conversation of the day, and so veiled by the mock-heroic atmosphere of the whole passage, that we should feel very doubtful of its powers to deeply outrage a young lady who was conversant with the Court of Queen Anne, and whose standard of decorum must have been much about the same as that of the beautiful maids of honour who twenty years later figure in the correspondence of Lady Suffolk. Both the tone of the age and the particular company which he affected exaggerated the natural effects of the artificial hothouse kind of life which Pope always led; and his very weakness turned

him to prurience, as it has done other men to piety.

But in comparing the two characters of Pope and Cowper we are conscious of a strongly-marked difference between them of another kind than any that has yet been mentioned. Cowper was a gentleman, a thorough gentleman, both by birth, education, and natural disposition; Pope was not. The difference is one to be felt, not defined. What other people call prurience and indecency, we should often set down to want of taste. For if there is one surer test of a gentleman than another it is his mode of handling topics of this nature. A public school and university education would have done Pope incalculable good. He would have learned no evil there which he did not learn afterwards in the world, while with the bane he would likewise have got the antidote. There is at school and college, even at their worst, a frank and manly tone, a healthy ideal of life, a robust appreciation of truth and falsehood, sincerity and affectation, refinement and vulgarity, which exercise a peculiarly wholesome influence over such characters as Pope. Without sisters or brothers to correct his morbid tendencies; without the physical strength perhaps to endure a large school; self-educated, self-conscious, spoiled, petted, and vain, the son of the retired linendraper is thrown early into a circle of eminent patricians, whose genius shed a lustre upon vice, and whose *savoir vivre* it became his darling object to acquire, whatever the inevitable result. He never became more than a parody on the man of wit and pleasure; and herein we believe lies the explanation of much that Mr. Elwin complains of in both the "Rape of the Lock" and "Eloisa to Abelard." There is a freemasonry in these things as in everything else. All conversation on such topics is a wrong kind of conversation, but of its kind it may be good or bad, like murder. And should a bagman overhear a company of gentlemen discussing womankind without reserve, and then strike in and try to imitate them, how grossly offensive he would make himself! Something of the kind was Pope's imitation of Bolingbroke. We cannot help picturing to ourselves Cowper as he was in his earlier and unclouded days, when he drank punch with Thurlow, wrote squibs for the *Connoisseur*, and supped at the Nonsense Club with Lloyd and Colman; and considering how he would have handled such topics, he must have been, we should think, as delightful a talker as Addison, and as genial a comrade as Steele.

Above all, we may be sure he was thoroughly simple and natural, thoroughly pure and cleanly both in mind and body, and able, as a gentleman should be, to touch pitch without being defiled. In several of these respects what a marked contrast to Pope!

We have already pointed out, however, that Cowper was favoured by his age. Had the England of 1780 been the same as the England of 1730, we should hardly have ridden out the great storm which followed. But it was not so. In politics, in literature, in religion, and in private life, greater earnestness, disinterestedness, purity and simplicity, were everywhere perceptible. There was plenty of hypocrisy, selfishness, and sensuality still left to employ the pen of a satirist, and when will there not be? But the tide had turned. The highest places were everywhere held by men in whom morality was not another name for mediocrity. People were fighting for realities. And the poet of the day was naturally moulded by these influences. He was a better man and a better bred man than Pope. But then it is utterly idle to contend that he came within leagues of him as a poet. It is in prose that we must look for the characteristic excellence of Cowper. Our own opinion is that, had he taken to prose, he might have rivalled the *Spectator*, as if Addison had taken to poetry he might have equalled the "Task." Cowper's humour is pure and playful. His style is a model of unlaboured elegance. His letters are marked by all that fresh, healthy simplicity which at once proclaims the English gentleman; so different from the scent and rouge, the studied leer and the practised shrug, which everywhere greet us in Pope. What has been said of Addison, and even of Horace, is equally applicable to Cowper. Had he written a novel, the world would have hung on it with rapture. Nature meant him to be the novelist of his age. Had he escaped those mysterious visitations which flung so dark a cloud over his blameless life; had he been fortunate in his early love; and for the unnatural petting of a female coterie, in which he resembled Richardson, experienced the manly happiness of married life and the rational pleasures of general society, he would have given us pictures of manners and portraits of character to which we doubt if anything we now have in literature would have been considered equal. We might then have had a Tom Jones and a Humphrey Clinker which women

could read without a shudder: a Sir Charles Grandison, a Clarissa, and a Pamela which men could read without a sneer. We should have had in fact a masculine Miss Austen. "*Disalter visum.*" Disappointed affection became first despondency, and then despair; despair led him to religion, and religion took him from the world. His beautiful hymn upon Retirement expressed, we may be sure, the normal condition of his mind.

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

"There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

And it ought likewise to be said that in being what he was Cowper was more truly the representative of his own age than if he had been what we have fancied. He was the poet of the religious or enthusiastic reaction, as Pope was the poet of the sceptical or common-sense reaction. Cowper indeed only represented half of this—the theological. Political rationalism was created by the Whigs. And there was no reaction in Cowper's mind against Whiggery. He was true to his family creed; believed in Fox's India Bill, compared George the third to Charles the First, and abused Mr. Pitt for being false to the principles of his father. The combination is rather remarkable, a *spirituelle* Whig being a decided rarity. But politics with Cowper were a mere tradition. On the really earnest side of his nature he was thoroughly in accordance with his age.

Of Pope, too, it may be proper to remark, that the spirit of which he was the exponent in literature was represented in politics and divinity not by Atterbury and Wyndham, but by Tillotson and Walpole; and that while Cowper's political friendships, had they corresponded to his moral nature, ought to have been Tory, Pope's political friendships, had they corresponded to his moral nature, ought to have been Whig.

As a poet Cowper's place is fixed. We

allow his moral superiority to the other great poet of the century. We love him better than it is possible to love Pope. But he had neither Pope's imagination nor yet his intellectual power. He has a tender plaintive note as he sings about his mother's picture, or sits among the ruins of the poplar grove,

"And thinks of the frailty of man and his joys."

But his bursts of moral indignation, though they possess the enormous advantage of being more sincere than Pope's, will never be remembered like his; while in those passages where he *is* in earnest, Pope is as far ahead of Cowper as Milton is of Pope. To repeat what we have said in other words, poetry by Cowper was pressed into the service of morals, while morals by Pope were pressed into the service of poetry. What we mean is, that we can conceive the one not having written as a poet at all, unless prompted to it by the influence of retirement and meditation. Of the other we cannot conceive this. We can imagine poetry with Cowper having remained in the potential stage. We know at what an early day with Pope it passed into the actual. Whatever had been the dominant ideas of his epoch, he would have approached them with poetical intentions; and the whole strength of his nature would have been expended on the task. With Cowper this was not so; and though his literary career was a faithful reflection of some of the leading characteristics of his own times, we doubt if it is upon the whole the most favourable reflection of himself.

It is remarkable that four of the leading literary men of the last century should have formed exceptional relations with women; Swift, Pope, Richardson, and Cowper. Of these Richardson's only seem to have had no tinge of romance in them. Of Swift's we shall say nothing. But it is still a moot point whether Pope made love to the Blounts, and whether Cowper made love to Lady Austen. And moot points these will probably remain for ever. Both lived on terms of exceptional intimacy with women of considerable attractions, both personal and mental. Pope quarrelled with his Teresa, and Cowper quarrelled with his Anna. Mrs. Unwin grew jealous of Lady Austen, and Martha Blount grew jealous of her sister. But the part which in each of these cases was played by the poet remains doubtful. Scandal has said the worst of Pope's intimacy with both the sisters. The latest editor of Cowper, Mr. Benham, believes that he was guilty of

paying attentions to Lady Austen, which could only have one meaning; that for fear of offending Mrs Unwin, his oldest and kindest friend, he abandoned all design of marriage; and that Lady Austen left the field in chagrin: not certainly unnatural. Southey, on the contrary, ridicules this story, and thinks it impossible Lady Austen could have wanted to marry a man turned of fifty. But this is rather a severe view of two score years and ten. Lady Austen was a widow. We don't know when she was born. But we do know when she died; and that was in 1802, only eighteen years after she left Olney. Unless therefore she died in middle age, which is not recorded, she could not have been so much younger than Cowper as to have made their ages unsuitable. Say she was five or six and thirty, she would not have been the first woman of that age by hundreds who had married a man of fifty-three, and married him from pure affection. Be this however as it may, the coincidence remains: the curious fact that neither Pope, Swift, nor Cowper were exactly on ordinary terms with the other sex; that each formed sentimental attachments which some have called Platonic, and some otherwise; and that each quarrelled with, and is said to have ill-treated, the woman who was fond of him.

Of the care and labour expended on both of these editions it would be difficult to speak too highly. Every source of information has been explored, every commentator has been consulted, and the ultimate conclusions at which Mr. Elwin has arrived attest, generally speaking, the soundness of his judgment as much as the extent of his research.

The last volume published, which contains the correspondence between Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gay, shows a quick perception of character, and a thorough knowledge of the period. A remark on Lord Bolingbroke at page 328 struck us as particularly good. "He was much too

passionate for philosophical speculation. The best metaphysics roused his anger at the first approach, and he stormed against doctrines he had not the patience to comprehend." This remark applies both to his metaphysical and his theological scepticism. The same even has been enforced at greater length by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, Oct. 1865, who observes of his scepticism, that "it arose not from conviction, but from feeling; not from research, but from impatience;" and also points out that even to understand what the scholastic philosophy means requires an early and accurate training to it, which Bolingbroke never had, and the want of which can never be repaired in middle age. His political annotations are perhaps Mr. Elwin's weakest point. For instance, many readers not acquainted with the peculiar state of politics in 1730 would be considerably startled at finding that Swift always called himself a Whig. The meaning of this can only be understood by reference to the "Dissertation on Parties," in which Bolingbroke makes out that Ministers were violating the Constitution, and that opposition in protesting against corruption was not protesting against arbitrary power in another form; hence it was not unfrequent for the Tory party at the time to hold the same language about themselves as Swift held. Their opposition to "management" was like the Whig opposition to prerogative. A few little omissions of this kind we have detected; but very few. And if we add that we think the general tone of Mr. Elwin's remarks both on poor Pope and his associates might be softened with advantage, we have exhausted hostile criticism. Mr. Thackeray's estimate of the brilliant intellectual circle which surrounded Pope, the

"Chief out of war and statesman out of place," is more to our liking than Mr. Elwin's whose revenge seems rather artificial.

ORIGIN OF GRAPHITE.—Prof. Wagner ascribes the deposits of graphite-plumbago, or black-lead, which are found in a great variety of rocks of different geological periods, to the decomposition of cyanogen, which is a combination of carbon and nitrogen, or of the cyanides. In several chemical processes used in the arts, graphite is formed artificially; and it is not impossible that this expensive mineral, the best

specimens of which are now brought from the island of Ceylon, may be produced artificially in such quantities as to be made available in several branches of manufactures where this mineral is indispensable. Chemists, however, have not yet accepted Prof. Wagner's explanation, or any other, as to the natural production of graphite.

From The Spectator.
M. THIERS AND HIS POLICY.

WE must not allow our dislike for M. Thiers' pseudo-Republic, a Republic maintained by the bayonet and subjected to a dictatorship, to blind us to the ability of many sorts which he is unquestionably displaying. There is power in M. Thiers of a kind, the power of a man who though old is very full of life, devoid of small scruples, not to say big ones, experienced in affairs, and certain that when he is first, everybody else is in his place. Supposing his object to be the establishment of his own power for the present as the best obtainable interregnum, he certainly succeeds in the teeth of the most serious obstacles. Paris was nearly as strong as France, and he has conquered Paris. He has, though a civilian, contrived to obtain such a hold over the Army that he can venture to review it in large masses. He has, though a renegade from monarchy, induced a Monarchical Assembly to prefer him, for the present at all events, to a throne, and this even though his dictatorship is avowedly intended to increase the chances of the detested Republic. He has, though an enemy of the Reds, induced M. Gambetta, the one Red chief who is competent to govern, to adhere to the system of which he is the head. He has obtained such a hold on opinion in France, that it is believed of 120 new members 90 will have for creed the name of M. Thiers, and has so restored public confidence that the largest single loan of this century of loans has been raised in France in a single day. After making all deductions, the raising of this loan has been a very noteworthy operation. The terms, it is true, are very high, nearly 7 per cent.; but high terms were needed, and the conditions have been so arranged that, supposing France one day to be trusted, as India for example is trusted, the weight of the burden may be diminished one-third. Then it is true that we probably know very little of the resources of very great States, that we under-estimate excessively the profits annually made by six or seven millions of households, all working hard with a view to profit, and are ignorant of the true proportion between any loan and the annual savings of the people who subscribe it; but still, to raise £80,000,000 at once was a bold experiment, and it has succeeded. That may not be a proof of M. Thiers' wisdom, but it is certainly a proof of the confidence entertained in his rule, and to have inspired that confidence is a very remarkable

achievement. A Frenchman with money is not a trustful being, and to get money from him in vast quantities, for payment to an enemy and just after a scarcely suppressed civil war, argues great capacity of some kind. We suppose the truth to be that the French people, taught for three generations to believe that Paris was the danger of France, think that now Paris is subjugated the danger is over, but something must be allowed also to M. Thiers himself. He can strike hard, and that may be sufficient for the peasantry, but he can also speak well, and it is clear that his speech on finance, with its bold optimism, and predictions of returning fortune, and covert promises of revindication, exactly suited the small capitalists. We cannot share his confidence in the future, but it is probably sincere — for is not M. Thiers ruling? — and it has certainly exercised a most inspiring influence on the tone of the French mind, which needs in civil, as in military life, the exhilaration of mental champagne.

Nor are we quite so certain as some of our contemporaries about the effect, and especially the political effect, of all M. Thiers' new revenue proposals. One of them at least we suspect to be sound. It is easy to say that increased duties on liquors will induce a decrease of consumption, and so they will, if pushed too far; but it is not so easy to draw the line, to say at what point selfish enjoyment will begin to be restrained. French Governments, it must be remembered, are not hampered by some English difficulties. Owing to the want of coherence among the people — who indulge in secret denunciations to a frightful extent — to the number and organization of the police, and to the practice of domiciliary visits, illicit distillation of spirits is very difficult in France, while the illicit manufacture of wine is next to an impossibility. You cannot make wine in a tea-kettle. The only obstacles the Government has to fear in taxing liquors are the poverty of the people or their resolution not to drink, and neither may be sufficient to overcome the attraction of their favourite means of excitement, means, we fear, becoming only more and more popular as the hysteric tendency in French society develops itself under the pressure of endless revolutions. Certainly the increase in the octrois under the Empire has not checked the consumption of liquor. Nearly the same argument applies to the increased duty on sugar, while, as to the new tax on transfers, the total, cruelly heavy as it is, is probably

not more than equivalent to lawyers' charges in England for the transfer of small parcels of land. The State in France has, by scientific arrangements, dispensed with conveyancers' fees, and may safely take — we do not say wisely take — some portion of the waste it has prevented. It is a blundering and unjust mode of taxing, but neither a ruinous nor an impossible one. For the buyer it is self-adjusted, as he buys at his own discretion; and for the seller it is covered over and over again by the rise in the value of land of late years. The protective duties are utterly bad economically, but politically M. Thiers had to consider that the alternative, an income-tax, could not be applied to personality alone without breach of faith with the fundholder, and that if extended to land it would have to be applied to five millions of peasants, who can destroy any Government, and whose whole scheme of life and idea of success rest upon the careful concealment of their income. Before everything they want to save silently, publicity meaning with them more taxes, more family claims, and more chances of being robbed. Granting conditions which he doubtless deemed inexorable, the necessity of raising 20 per cent. more revenue without throwing the peasantry into the arms of the Bonapartes, M. Thier's proposals are entitled at least to the merit of cleverness. His idea clearly is to meet the emergency without thinking too much of the future; and he has met it, that is to say, he will pay out the Germans within three years or two years, will compensate French sufferers, and will rebuild Paris, at the cost of a great reduction in the commercial prosperity of France, the causes of which will scarcely be visible to her people, and the extent of which will be less than the addition to her prosperity made under the Empire. There is no wisdom in that, it may be; but there is cleverness, for France, be it remembered, has not to contend with our first economic difficulty. Her population does not increase.

Again, the refusal to reduce the military or naval expenditure, unwise as it ap-

pears to Englishmen, has some justifications. The clear duty of Frenchmen, is to release the countrymen torn away from them without their own consent, or at least to obtain such a position that their consent must be asked, — that is a duty at least as clear as that of Italy to release Venetia if she could, a duty all England admitted. And apart altogether from that, there is undoubted need for a strong army in France. Order is for the hour her necessity, and though we hold it detestable that the policy of repression, not unnatural in a monarchy, should be kept up under the fiction of a Republic, we do not deny that a policy of repression is for some time inevitable. The cities and the provinces will be at each other's throats else. What we desire to know now is not whether M. Thiers is keeping an army, for he cannot help himself, but whether he is trying to make that army a good one, or only trying to make it devoted to his *régime* by compliances inconsistent with its own good or that of the country. The accounts upon that point, though meagre, are not very reassuring. It is said that discipline is somewhat better since the capture of Paris; it is certain that the supply departments are better organized; and it is probable that the Generals do not control M. Thiers as much as they did Napoleon. But, on the other hand, M. Thiers avoids, and it is believed dislikes anything like radical reorganization; he flatters the troops excessively, and he passed over some incidents before the walls of Paris which indicated that the men were not thoroughly in hand. His cleverness, which in civil affairs is producing good, if temporary results, appears as regards military affairs to be directed mainly towards appearances; and if this is the case, it is at this point that danger will arise to his scheme. Speeches will raise loans, but they will not make an Army; and the optimism which exhilarates a people like the French, makes an imperfect Army consider itself a match both for the world and the people.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND has been good enough to bring to town his MS. of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," for examination by Mr. Furnivall and other Chaucer students. The MS. proves, as it was hoped it would prove, to be Mrs. Thynne's, containing the Merchant's

Second Tale of "Beryn," from which Urry printed this tale at the end of his edition of Chaucer's works. We hope soon to give a description of the contents of the MS., which is a vellum folio of about the middle of the fifteenth century. Athenæum.